"HER SCATHING TRIAL" BY CONSTANCE BEATRICE WILLARD NEXT WEEK

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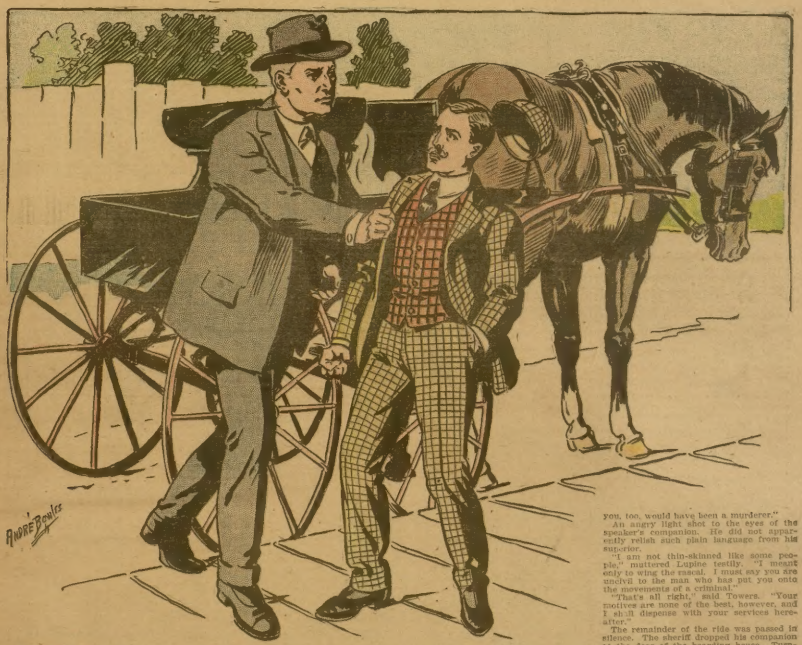
LEONE'S LOVERS; Or Drawley's Crime.

By THE AUTHOR OF "DOCTOR RENHART'S WIFE," etc.



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CHAPTER VII.

A ROADSIDE COMEDY.

"Oh, Heavens, you have murdered him!" With this wild ejaculation, Alice Canthow ran toward the fallen man. She did not reach him ere he sprang up and bounded swiftly away.

Lupine continued to use his weapon. A bullet whizzed in near proximity to the head of the running Alice.

"Stop!" commanded Towers, seizing the pistol hand of his companion. "Don't you see you will hit the girl?"

"Let her keep out of the way then," growled Lupine.

The sheriff left his seat and hurried toward the fleeing murderer. That individual escaped into the woods, however, and the doughty officer soon returned, panting and disgusted with the outcome. He saw the girl standing before Casper Lupine, and heard her voice upbraiding him for his treachery.

"I was doing only my duty," said the man, as Towers approached.

"You betrayed an innocent man," said Alice, her white face drawn with passion. "I never liked you, Casper Lupine, and for what you have done today I hate you."

"So?" with a sneer.

"You are his accuser——"

"I am his accuser, all right," broke in the cook. "Alfred—not Albert as some have called him—is guilty of murdering his wife. Although I did not see him commit the deed, I yet can produce a witness who did, which is altogether sufficient."

"For you it may be, but not for the public. Alfred is innocent; he told me so himself."

"Really?" exclaimed Lupine, with a mocking laugh. "How strange that the criminal should deny his guilt. What is that man to you, Miss Canthow?"

"I am his promised wife——"

"Great Heavens, no!"

"It is the fact, and I am not ashamed to say it."

The man threw up his hands as if horrified at her statement.

Sinley Towers approached and broke up the confab. Alice was not sorry. She loathed the sight of the cook, whom she had associated with in a business way during the past year.

He was a handsome scoundrel, and had won over the greater part of the inhabitants of Hinebrow's Camp. His voice was low and pleasant; his face was handsome as a god, and yet there was something about the man that the working girl did not like, a snake-in-the-grass sort of actions, that prejudiced her against him.

Another thing troubled Alice. It was on account of her dearest friend, Leone Gannon. In visiting her at the Camp, Leone had been thrown much in the society of the handsome chef. At odds with her old lover, what more natural than that she should fall in with the fascinating ways of the young chief cook, and learn to thrill at his step and tremble when he spoke.

Alice saw it all and was pained. Today she had seen Lupine in a new light. Her dislike amounted now to bitter hatred.

"I am glad you have come," said Lupine, addressing the sheriff. "You may be able to convince this headstrong girl of her folly."

Alice, however, turned at sound of Towers' step and, walked hurriedly away.

The two men rode from the spot.

"The scamp escaped, it seems," said Lupine.

"So it seems, thanks to your foolishness," retorted the sheriff.

"Eh——"

"I should have been able to have made him a prisoner had you held your hand," broke in Sinley Towers. "It was not for you to shoot. If you had killed the man you, too, would have been a murderer."

An angry light shot to the eyes of the speaker's companion. He did not apparently relish such plain language from his superior.

"I am not thin-skinned like some people," muttered Lupine testily. "I meant only to wing the rascal. I must say you are unwilling to the man who has put you onto the movements of a criminal."

"That's all right," said Towers. "Your motives are none of the best, however, and I shall dispense with your services hereafter."

The remainder of the ride was passed in silence. The sheriff dropped his companion at the door of the boarding house. Turning to Lupine as the latter stepped daintily to earth, Towers tapped him gently on the shoulder.

"Please hand over that revolver, Mr. Lupine."

The cook started and bit his lip. His cheek reddened with anger. He was not in sympathy with the officer. He had reported to that worthy the doings of the fugitive murderer, whom he had seen with Alice on several occasions. For this he had naturally expected praise, if not a substantial reward.

"Don't be foolish, Mr. Towers," said Lupine, with a bite in his words.

"Do as I tell you," bluntly uttered the officer. "I know my duty——"

"You have a sneaking way of showing it at all events," sneeringly broke in the other.

"Are you going to give me the pistol?"

"Certainly I am not. It is my property——"

"Then you must come with me."

Under-Sheriff Towers laid a heavy hand on the arm of his companion and lifted him by main force into the buggy. Lupine struggled and grew white with rage.

"You coward!" he hissed. "What do you mean——"

Towers spoke to his horse and the vehicle rolled away with the dainty chef of Hinebrow's Camp held tightly on the seat be-

side him. In vain the slender man squirmed and struggled; he was as a child in the hands of the big sheriff. Lupine was white to the lips. His teeth gleamed like the fangs of a hungry tiger. He fumbled with his free hand beneath his coat.

Something glittered against the cheek of the officer.

The quick eye of Sinley Towers caught the gleam. His hand fell from its clutch on the officer's shoulder and struck up the weapon as it exploded.

A bullet grazed the chin of the officer. Smoke and fire were not hotter than the big man's wrath. He crushed Lupine into the bottom of the buggy and held him down with his knee.

"Now be quiet!" said Towers.

The cook sputtered and squirmed. He even tried to use his weapon again.

"You hound!" ejaculated the sheriff, pressing his knee the harder, at the same time wrenching the revolver from the hand of the other. This he bestowed in his own pocket.

"Let me up," groaned the cook.

The slender chef was panting wildly. His face was mottled with blood from his dainty nose. Towers had used him roughly. The gentlemanly nature of Casper Lupine was sadly ruffled. He was conscious of having made a mistake. It would never do to defy the county officials further.

"Please let me up," whined the cowed man.

The sheriff complied.

When Lupine, still spring from the buggy, however, the sheriff's hand held him fast.

"My soul! what do you mean by all this?" gasped Lupine.

"It means that I am taking you to jail."

"No, no, not that," gasped the now frightened chef. "I have done nothing to merit arrest."

"Haven't you?"

"No, no; let me go, please. My duties at the Camp are pressing."

"You should have thought of that before."

"Please, sir——"

"See here," broke in big Sinley Towers, assuming a storminess he did not feel, since he was moved to help his brother in the hour of the wild actions of his companion, "you have worried a good stiff term in prison. What have you to say for yourself, anyhow, you miserable little stain of humanity?"

The sheriff shook Lupine till his teeth rattled.

"I dopt see why you talk so harshly. I have done nothing——"

"You were carrying a concealed weapon."

"Well, but——"

"And you have just now resisted an officer in the discharge of his duty," proceeded Towers, a comical twinkle in the corner of his eye.

"I suppose I may as well plead guilty," groaned the dainty cook. "I did not intend to break the law, however. You drove me to it."

Just then a light ray came in sight. On the seat was a girl, Leone Gannon. Lupine's face went into a little attack at sight of her face. He remembered the moonlight nights he had whispered soft nothings to the gentle maid of Highup. It was not pleasant to meet her in his present plight.

Instantly the sheriff slowed up when Sheriff Towers. He produced a set of handcuffs and snapped them over the dainty wrists of his companion.

All of this in full view of the approaching girl.

The act brought a blush of shame and rage to the face of Lupine. He was not genially surprised at the sight. A queer thrill reached her heart.

She had been at out with Hinsbrowe's Camp had been monopolizing her society. She could not know that what Towers had done was meant to humiliate the latter lover in her eyes.

Casper Lupine covered his hands beneath his coat as the two vehicles passed. He leaved his face and did not venture to glance toward the girl.

CHAPTER VIII.
IT IS FINAL.

The news that the assassin of Huntoon had been caught in the neighborhood soon spread. Efforts for the capture of the vil-

Weak Kidneys, Weak Nerves

SO A PHYSICIAN WRITES

It is of but little use to try to doctor the kidneys themselves. Such treatment is wrong, for the kidneys are not to blame for their weaknesses or irregularities. They have no power over themselves, but are operated and actuated by a tiny shred of a nerve which is their master. When the nerve is strengthened the kidneys are strengthened, or when the kidneys are weak the nerve is to blame. The inevitable result—kidney trouble.

This master nerve is one of a system of nerves. This system controls not only the kidneys, but the liver, and the heart, and the stomach. For simplicity's sake Dr. Shoop has called this great nerve system "Kidney Nerves." They are not the nerves of feelings, but the nerves that enable you to walk, to talk, to act, to think. They are the master nerves and every vital organ is their slave.

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lain were renewed. Parties of men and boys scoured the country round about Highup and Hinsbrowe's Camp, armed to the teeth.

Nothing came of it, however. The murderer of pretty Elpin Drawley had succeeded in making good his escape. Undersheriff Towers was deeply chagrined. He believed the blunder made by Casper Lupine had given the criminal his opportunity which he had improved to the disgust of the whole country.

The humiliation put upon Lupine by the official in question did not have the effect intended. When Leone learned how her sealwart lover had sought to humiliate the chef he became a good friend in the ascendant.

"It was a coward's act," she declared in the hearing of Sinley Towers.

The big sheriff was pacing about under the trees before the Gannon dwelling. He had just returned from a long race through the timber country in a vain search for the murderer. Old Jude Gannon sat smoking on the front porch, while his daughter reclined in a hammock under one of the trees with a late paper in her hand.

"But, but," protested Jude, "you mustn't be too personal, Leone, girl."

Leone compressed her lips and frowned. She had been reading something that in a measure upset her.

The great firm of Hinsbrow & Co. had failed, and the Camp was disintegrating. A swift, wild fear clutched at the girl's heart. Everything was now in confusion at the Camp. Of course many of the letters there would find other fields of usefulness.

Leone thought of Lupine, and wondered how this thing would affect him.

"What's the news, Leone, girl?" queried the old logger, refreshing his pipe. He moved his chair near the edge of the porch and looked down upon the girl in the hammock

"Bad news, papa."

"Eh; is't so?"

"Yes. Mr. Hinsbrowe have failed, and the great Camp is breaking up."

"Well, that's bad," exclaimed the old logger. "This is bad news, sure enough. It'll make hard times for the people in the valley. I'm blamed sorry, though old Dickerson Hinsbrow won't suffer. He's got an anchor to windward, you can bet your life."

Sinley Towers approached and held out a hand to the girl in the hammock to assist her to alight.

"Don't you believe what I say?" she asked half angrily.

"Of course I do," answered the county official. "I have seen it coming for a long time. Of course it will be a great embarrassment, but the business is of too much importance to go down for good. There'll be doings at Hinsbrow's Camp for a decade to come, never fear."

"I hope you are right, Mr. Towers."

The girl's face brightened. She allowed him to assist her down from the hammock, herself studying the foliage of the trees overhead.

Twenty minutes passed. Jude Gannon dusted the ashes from his pipe and went inside. The girl in the hammock kept swaying, day-dreaming. A touch on her shoulder aroused her. Sinley Towers stood at her side, pointing at a paragraph in the paper he held.

"Did you read this?" he asked.

"I think not. What is it?"

"A drowning accident at Manistee. The drowned one is a stranger, but from the description I believe it is Casper Lupine."

The girl sat up quickly. She was no longer listless. She thought of Alice, her dearest friend, who, by the way, was known as to lose her heart to the cruel wife slayer. Leone had not forgotten the last visit of associations of that day when Lupine came so near losing his life in the waters of Lake Huron.

"Let me look at it," she cried impulsively. "Oh, I do hope it is he."

She took the paper and read of the accident—the capsizing of a boat containing a single unfortunate fellow who could not swim since River, lost his life by drowning. The description of the body was plainly that of the fugitive murderer.

Leone breathed deeply. Her face, though white and tense, showed relief. She was pleased than otherwise at this news. Alice was saved. She would soon forget one so unworthy. Besides, it was better that a solitary cell in the penitentiary for life.

"What do you think of it, Leone?" She glanced up at the speaker with kindling eyes.

"It is better so," she said. "Judgment has been rendered. The murderer has come to his reward."

"And we poor devils who have spent weeks of hopeless search? Where does our reward come in?" chanted Towers, with a sudden laugh.

"Oh, you deserve nothing," quickly replied the girl, who had already seen that Lupine is being paid for. I am glad——"

"Leone, listen to me," broke in the man. "You must never speak with that wretch again. The wreck of the Hinsbrow Camp is fortunate in one thing. Its fall over will quit the country. I have been surprised at your interest in his attentions."

"Have you, indeed?"

"That I have."

"You assume a right to lecture me," said Leone in bitter scorn. "Thank Heaven I never gave you the right to do so. I have let her finger a ring and flung it at his feet. I was done with him. He had acted upon her finger the year before. During all her acquaintance with the unity chef of Hinsbrow's Camp the girl had worn the diamond ring. He had not failed to notice this, and seemed her meaning. He had not failed to notice this, and seemed her meaning. He had not failed to notice this, and seemed her meaning

Towers, Alice received a letter. It proved to be from the big official. It was from Huntoon and bore delightful news.

Alfred Drawley lived; the drowned man at Manister was as yet unidentified. This was all of the letter the girl read for a time. Her head grew light, and the room whirled. It was all so unexpected, so pleasing.

But what is this? A crisp paper fell to the floor and had lain there for the brief spell of Alice's rejoicing. She picked this up and examined it.

"Mercy!" exclaimed the girl, trembling in every limb. "A check on Huntoon Bank for one thousand dollars, and in my name! What does it mean?"

CHAPTER X.
THE RUSH OF EVENTS.

Sinley Towers sat one night in a room over the hotel at Huntoon.

He was, to use a frequent expression of his, "down on his luck." He had made a failure of everything, and was deep in the Slough of Despond. His love for Leone Gannon was strong and deep. Towers was not a demonstrative man, nor did he show over, either in affairs of state or of the heart.

He was not quite sure why Leone had jilted him.

She had been extremely "heady," even before the advent of Casper Lupine, so that he did not blame that individual for all his troubles in love affairs, although the logger's pretty, spoiled daughter had seemed different ever after Towers came.

Towers was not mourning in self pity. He held a stiff rein upon himself, but Leone! She was his friend, about to throw herself away upon as worthless a specimen of male mortality as ever lived.

Once he thought seriously of going to Lake Gannon with her price. The big man's unselfish love for Leone influenced him to wish her well in her heart relations, even though he had no part in them.

It was not, however, in the nature of big Sinley Towers to sit idly by and "throw up the sponge" simply because of one slip of a girl's inconstancy. Then, too, there was Alice. Towers was thinking often of her and her unfortunate passion for the forgotten Drawley.

"It's mighty strange about these women," he found himself muttering. "Now Alice Canthow is a sensible girl in the main. Of course she did not know that the dapper little man she was learning to love was the wife murderer. But, once she discovered the truth, one would think a sensible girl would shrink from him in horror. Not so, however. She sticks all the closer; says Drawley is innocent, and she will pay for his escape from the toils some wicked enemy has woven about him. Bosh, of course, but——

A rap on his door cut short his mental debating.

"Come in," said the sheriff, wheeling about on his chair.

The door opened and a man crossed the threshold.

The visitor stood for a moment, hesitating in the dim light. Towers got up and turned the lamp higher, he then shoved a chair and requested his caller to sit down.

The man remained standing, however.

"You are sheriff of Windom County, I understand," said the caller.

"I am Sheriff Graves' deputy, sir."

Towers eyed his visitor keenly. He had encountered many strange characters in this town and this promised to be one of them. The fellow was rather under the medium stature, with wavy black beard and twinkling dark eyes.

"I would ask you a question, Mr. Towers."

"Go ahead."

"A heavy reward has been offered for the capture, dead or alive, of one Alfred Drawley. Am I right?"

"Very near it, only it is Albert instead of Alfred Drawley," said Towers.

"It doesn't matter," muttered the other. "What I wish to know is, if this man, accused of murder, should give himself up, who would get the reward?"

"That is a question."

"It is one I wish to have answered."

"That might be for the court to decide. Very likely nobody would, strictly speaking, be entitled to the reward."

"It seems to me Drawley would be entitled to it," said the visitor.

"Perhaps, but——"

"What I want to know is, if Drawley gives himself up can he name the recipient of the thousand dollars offered for his capture? If he can do so then you may be sure of the man, and at once."

"What authority have you——"

"The authority of Drawley," interrupted the sheriff's visitor. "I am Albert Drawley's brother."

"Indeed!"

Sinley Towers was not wrong in his estimate his visitor was queer. Undoubtedly demented. Nevertheless the officer decided to humor him.

"You understand, sir, I——"

"Did your brother send you here?" broke in Towers eagerly.

"Yes—no—that is, I am here by authority. I know your reputation, Mr. Towers, and your word goes with me. If you promise to turn the reward over to a person I will name, the village of Elpin Drawley will come in and surrender. Speak at once, else the officials will be down on me."

"Yes," said the other, "I will do as you say."

A half smile touched the face of the sheriff. He would humor the fellow and note what came of it.

"No backing out after it is too late for the prisoner to escape. On your word of honor, Mr.—er—Drawley, I will see that the reward goes to the person you shall name, providing the prisoner is taken into my custody."

The sheriff's visitor stepped aside and pulled off beard and hat.

"Why, you are Alice Drawley!" exclaimed Towers recognizing the man he had hunted for more than a year."

"My name is Alice Canthow, the young man, "and I name Alice Canthow as the person entitled to the reward. Drawley is not guilt at once. I am glad this suspense is over."

The speaker sank to a chair and bowed his head upon his breast. A handsome face was this, even in its tears and suffering. Sinley Towers towered above the dejected mite of humanity, not gloating, yet glad of the opportunity to aid the cause of justice.

With a sigh, the pale prisoner lifted his face, extending his bare hands toward the big officer.

"Put them on, Mr. Towers. I know your duty."

The sheriff shook his head.

"Blamed if I do," said he. "You have come voluntarily to surrender. I shan't humiliate you by putting on handcuffs. You will come with me."

Alice arose with an apparent effort. He seemed weak and ready to collapse.

"Lean on me," said the officer.

Together the two men left the room. Ten minutes later Towers turned his prisoner over to the jailer at Windom, and said:

"Remember your promise," whispered Drawley as he parted from Towers.

"I shall not forget."

The sheriff of Windom County was highly pleased at the capture of the much-wanted wife-murderer. He called his under-officer to him and questioned him about the capture.

"How did you do it?" said Graves, a stout elderly man, rather pompous of manner. "I had about given up."

A cloud had in shadowed all the time lately. It wasn't hard," said the deputy with a laugh. "I expect I'll get the reward at your earliest convenience, Mr. Graves."

"Of course, certainly, certainly," returned the older man, rubbing his hands together in glee.

Sinley Towers lost no time in complying with the request by putting Canthow in jail. As for himself he cared not the snap of his finger for the reward. He knew he was not entitled to it, and that Leone had cut his acquaintance he had grown more and more disgusted.

He understood why the man Canthow had secured this nest egg for Alice Canthow. He thinking of the latter's conduct and more disgusted than pleased. He did not like to see a fine girl like Alice Canthow throw herself away on a worthless outlaw. This would not matter for long, however. The girl would soon join Drawley after the penitentiary doors had closed upon him, as they were days to come.

On the whole, it gave the big man pleasure to help a poor girl in the way suppose. At first he thought of carrying the money in person; second thought induced him to write instead.

And thus it was that we find the boarding house maid the recipient of a handsome present. The letter accompanying the check was short and to the point. Alfred Drawley had designated her as the one to receive the long awaited reward for his capture.

At first the girl was wild with excitement, joy and sorrow holding equal sway in her mind. Sorrow, because more than wealth to the tired young working girl. But then there was the man she loved in prison to pay for it all. This last was an gall and wormwood to her sensitive soul.

What ought she to do? Alice paced the floor in an agony of unrest. Once the thought came to her to consult her mother. If she did this the stepfather was sure to know of it, and then there was sure to be trouble. No, she could not have anybody discussing her affairs, in any event not her stepfather.

"If Leone were only here," murmured Alice. Then the face of Lupine intervened and the girl would not have even Leone to know. She must do something, however.

It were madness to sit in idle speculating. She could not yet comprehend the whys and wherefores of the check coming to her. Why had Alfred done this thing? It was generous of him. She could not feel bad over his act of surrender. Better face the

AS TO FLAVOR

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A bright young lady of the Buckeye State tells how she came to be acutely sensitive as to the taste of coffee:

"My health had been very poor for several years," she says, "I loved coffee and drank it for breakfast, but only learned by accident, as it were, that it was the cause of the constant, dreadful headaches from which I suffered every day, and of the nervousness that drove sleep from my pillow and so deranged my stomach that everything I ate gave me acute pain.

"My condition finally got so serious that I was advised by my doctor to go to a hospital. I went to one of the largest in Detroit. There they gave me tea and coffee, tea rare coffee, and I thought it was the best I ever drank, but I have since learned it was Postum. I gained rapidly and came home in four weeks.

"Somehow the coffee we used at home didn't taste right when I got back. I tried various kinds, but none tasted as good as that I drank at the hospital, and all brought back the dreadful headaches and the 'sick-all-over' feeling. At last one day I got a package of Postum Food Coffee, and the first taste of it I took I said 'that's the good coffee we had in the hospital!' I have drank it ever since, 3 times a day, and eat Grape-Nuts for my breakfast. I have no more headaches, and feel better than I have for years. Name given by the Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich. "There's a reason."

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Nolit—Yes.

Askitt—Have you any idea what the trouble is?

Nolit—Yes, he has three children of the school age and they have begun to ask him to help them with their lessons.

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I will send one to any responsible party, freight prepaid.
I can ship promptly at any time—so you get your washer at once.
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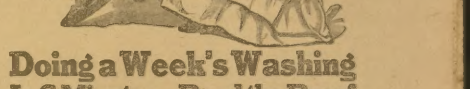

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courts and have it out. Ah! a sudden inspiration seized her. She saw the point now. This money was meant for use in defense of the prisoner. How blind she had been. Well, it was all plain enough now, and Alice Canthow rose to the occasion. She would hire the best legal talent in the State to defend the prisoner. He was not guilty, he had said so, and she believed him.

Placing the letter with its valuable contents, in her bosom Alice went to the yard below. A girl came swiftly across the lawn and faced her—Leone, white and trembling. Alice saw that something was troubling her friend.

"I am wanting to speak with you, Alice. I need a friend in this hour, to give me advice."

"Your father——"

"He's away. I have no mother to go to; I have come to you, Alice."

"I am glad you did. Come this way where we can talk in private." Alice led the way to the shadow of the trees across the highway.

CHAPTER XI.
LEONE'S MAD FLIGHT.

From their position the girls could see a long stretch of river. The banks were lined with bending willows whose branches caught and played with the water like human fingers.

It was a pretty scene as the fast descending sun touched with ray fingers the hillside and clearing, feathering the long bend of water with a golden halo that was entrancing. It was a beautiful, restful afternoon in late summer.

The boarding house crowned the hill, beyond which, on a lower level, were the blacksmith shop and country store. Hinsbrook Camp was a much used spot, for both girls it had hallowed memories. The friends were acutely contrasted.

Alice, tall, comely and plump, with a healthy complexion, blue eyes and brown hair, seemed the embodiment of health and strong muscles. Leone, slender as a fawn, with gray eyes and red-gold hair, was the prettier of the two. Her form, though slender, was well rounded and willowy, her every movement grace itself. It may be that Leone imagined sometimes that she stood a notch higher in the social scale than coarser Alice Canthow, although such a thought never found utterance in words. The two were the best of friends, like own sisters in fact.

Both were in trouble. Alice waited for her visitor to open the way for confidences.

"I have talked with you about Casper, Alice," said Leone, breaking the silence with low-spoken words. "You know how our affairs stand."

"Not entirely. Are you going to marry the fellow, Leone?"

"Yes—no—I am undecided what to do, Alice."

"Then you will not marry him, Leone."

"I think I shall, only——"

"Only you have doubts about Casper Lupine's honesty of purpose. I would never think it, Leone, never in the world."

"You were prejudiced from the start, Alice. I think I have made a mistake——"

"Indeed you have in trusting that snake-in-the-grass," broke in the kitchen maid. "Where is he now? Since he left Camp the moment things were seen to be going wrong. He has been absent three days."

"He will come here no more, Alice. You did not wait for me to finish. I wished to say that I fear your prejudices will not allow you to advise me impartially."

"If you mean about Casper Lupine, I shall advise you to have nothing more to do with him."

"It is about Casper——"

"Has he asked you to marry him, Leone?"

"He has."

The beauty of Highup blushed prettily. "And you have accepted him?"

"On conditions, yes."

"What are the conditions?"

"That he take me away from this region forever," said Leone, with a smothered sigh.

"Of course he will agree to that," said Alice with a half sneer. "He will make any promise to steal you from the man who truly loves you as no other can or ever will. If such a man as Sinley Towers loved me I tell you I should think twice before trading him off for a creature like effeminate Casper Lupine. That's my honest sentiment, Leone."

"You do not quite understand, Alice——"

"Yes, I do."

"Sinley Towers is nothing to me."

"I know far better than that."

"He is a hard-hearted man of the world. Casper has a gentle spirit, an artistic nature, and he will place his wife in the halls of fashion, Alice. I have a revelation to make."

"I am listening, Leone."

"Casper is not what he seems."

"I can well believe that."

"He has been training under false colors——"

"I knew it all the time. He is no cook; he can't bake bread for sour apples. He would have got his discharge, anyhow, even had the firm not collapsed. If you marry him, Leone, you'll have to support him."

Alice was in a semi-comic mood. At any rate it seemed so to her friend.

"Do listen for one moment, and be serious, please," pleaded the other.

"I am serious, Leone."

"As I said, Casper, dear fellow, has been fooling us all this time. He is the son of Colonel Thomas Lupine of Washington, and is very wealthy."

"What idea!"

"I shall never have to do a stitch of work; we will live in a big mansion on one of the avenues, and—and—and I'll tell you what I want, Alice."

"You said you would."

"After I am settled I want you to come to Washington and live with me. Promise me you will do this, Alice, dear friend."

Leone laid a hand on her companion's arm and looked pleadingly into her blue eyes.

"Lord, yes, I'll come of course," and Alice emitted a laugh. "What will my duties be, Leone—parlor maid, kitchen girl, or what?"

"You know what I mean, Alice, so don't make light of it. I want you for a companion. We shall go across the water next year and you shall accompany us."

"My goodness, Leone, won't you be jealous of me? Why, once I thought I fancied Monsieur Lupine; have you forgotten?"

"I'll take all the risk. You will do as I wish, ma chere? Why, who knows but you may make a contest among the Eastern nabobs. I shall see to it that you marry well——"

"Cat's foot!" ejaculated the more practical Alice. "No, I shan't promise anything. What's more, I don't believe you'll be happy if you marry that man. The son of Colonel Lupine indeed!"

Leone turned away, a strained, unhappy look on her face.

"Don't go, Leone, dear," called Alice, hurrying after her friend.

"I will not discuss anything further with you," declared the logger's daughter, incensed at the contemptuous treatment Alice had given her remarks.

"You must not go away angry, Leone," protested Alice. "About this marriage? Truly, do you intend to become his wife, that awful man——"

Leone broke away from her friend's hand and sped away like a frightened deer. Alice realized that she had been indiscreet. She could not follow, however. She had her own troubles. Let her friend fight her own battles. It was ridiculous nevertheless, this story of Lupine's being the son of a wealthy Washingtonian.

"I wonder if she believes it herself? It can't be. That bastard has told a fine yarn to induce Leone to marry him. But she'll be a fool to do it. I won't believe it till I know it, anyhow."

"There's five hundred dollars, Leone."

Meantime Leone turned her back on Hinsbrook's Camp and returned once more to her humble home at Highup.

It was near the hour of midnight that Jude Gannon's daughter stole from her room to meet and fly with the man of her choice. Her father had conceived a bitter dislike for this new lover, and had forbidden him the house, hence these clandestine meetings.

A waiting horse and buggy received the girl.

"All is safe at last," said a voice in Leone's ear. She was folded to the breast of her lover, while he kissed her tenderly.

They sped on through the night for miles. Under several bridges, through dark forests they rode, till at the end of two hours twinkling lights announced a dwelling.

"It is the home of Squire Bastable," whispered Lupine.

They entered and faced the justice, whose wife and daughter acted as witnesses. After the ceremony, Lupine paid his fee, led the trembling bride to his vehicle and the twain plunged on once more, facing toward the nearest railway station.

CHAPTER XII.
A CLEVER SCOUNDREL.

What a ride that was.

To her dying day Leone did not forget it. On through the night-clad country dashed horse and vehicle, bearing two hearts that beat as one. Out of the old life forever, onward to elysian fields, to new life and happiness!

Was ever bride more thrilled with the new thoughts a few hours had wrought? Leone thought of stalwart Sinley Towers during this weird yet wildly happy time, it was to pity rather than hate. The big man had loved her as well as he knew how. His was not the love of Casper Lupine, the natural artist soul she had chosen for her life companion.

The big house in Washington, on the avenue, loomed large.

The fair bride nestled close, while her protector and husband whispered of the future and of the happiness that was to be theirs.

How it all thrilled and enthused the timid bride. Her father would grieve, and it was but his due girl thought most. Her act had in a measure wronged the best father the sun ever shone upon. But there would come reconciliation and happiness after a time.

Leone pictured her crude old parent sitting in one of the richest apartments of the richly dowered home on the avenue, quietly smoking—not his old black pipe, but the highest flavored Havana! Wouldn't that be fine? She would be the envy of all her old acquaintances, and her contentment happy in the idleness her riches would bring to him in his declining years.

Leone had not mentioned these things to her lover—her husband now. There would be time for that later on.

Even the summer air of early morning grew damp and chill. Leone shrank more closely to the man clasped her slim waist, and a low voice said:

"Are you cold, dearest?"

"Oh, no, not in the least."

"But you tremble. What is it? Not repenting already, Butterfly?"

"Repenting what, Casper?"

"This night's adventure—your marriage with me?"

"No, indeed, Casper."

She pursed her lips for the kiss which was not withheld. Going on and on, the lovers were unconscious of time till the puff of the steam horse announced approach to the station.

Twenty minutes later the happy couple were speeding eastward on the early morning express. A hundred miles beyond the wild depths of Highup woods the runaways halted at a city of considerable importance.

Two small grips constituted the baggage.

Once at a hotel, in the parlor, Leone rambled that she must write to her father. The whole night had been a wakeful one to bride and groom.

Casper Lupine secured a room and left Leone for a brief time. The twain breakfasted, and then Lupine revealed his plans.

"I don't think it best to go direct to Washington, ma chere," said he, his black eyes sparkling as they reveled in the beauty of his bride. "Dad doesn't know, and I would not trouble him with a sudden surprise. We will remain here for a day, then go to the sea."

"Yes," said Leone, "that will please me."

"I knew it would."

He bent and kissed her and went out. Leone stood alone watching her face in the long dresser mirror. How pale she was, a veritable little 'frald kitten. Her heart beat rapidly, too. She felt weak. Was she going to faint? What silliness.

"Good Lord, there's nothing to be afraid of," she said. "It will all come out right. Of course it is better to have our honeymoon out before we face his rich old father and more stately mamma. I mean to be awful nice before them so they shan't know I'm a backwoods nobody."

The girl wife laughed a grim little laugh. She was bound to feel at ease, no matter what happened. A step and a touch on her pale cheeks caused her to spring backward with a little cry.

"It's only I," and her handsome husband stood back with folded arms and smiled in her face. "Did I frighten you, mabelle?"

"Yes, you did, I——"

"I am sorry; her ten million pardons."

His face grew grave. Something was on his mind. She saw the change, and inquired instantly his trouble.

"A most awkward thing has happened," he said.

"Don't keep me in suspense, please."

Leone was trembling again. Her face was whiter than ever. His intense magnetical gaze fetched the red into her cheeks.

"It's a mere nothing, dear," laughing. "I have been robbed—nothing very serious, simply had my pocket picked. I can telegraph home and get the necessary funds, only——"

"That would be most awkward," quickly broke in Leone.

"Only a trifle——"

"There isn't the slightest need of it. Take my purse. It was a beautiful notion to fetch all my earnings, for, you see, I did not know I'd elope on Saturday, Highup again. My stepmother would have cleared my room of anything so filthy as base coin had I left any."

The girl produced a long purse from which she pulled a wad of bills. Beside these was a heavy weight of coin.

"How much?" asked he, with sudden interest.

"Count and see."

A smile touched the lips of Leone as she placed the wad in the palm of her husband. When he had compiled, an ejaculation burst from his lips.

"Why, blessed heart, here's a small fortune!"

He turned to his bride with sparkling eyes.

"I earned the most of it, sir," with conscious pride.

"There's five hundred dollars, Leone!"

"I am aware of that. Enough to buy our furniture, and pay a month's rent if we were poor, Casper," and a merry laugh followed.

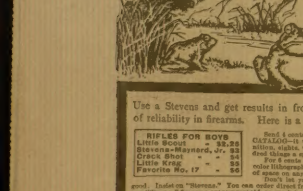
"I should think as much. My, but you're a darling, Leone. This will shield us from trouble till we go to Washington; that is, if you care to retrace it for a season."

"I am not sure that it would be quite safe," she said. "Perhaps we'd better, and you are careless——"

His amused laugh cut her short. He pocketed the money, kissed his bride and went out.

Leone was happy. She had shown her confidence in her husband and was congratulating herself on being the possessor of so trustworthy a mate.

Lupine was gone a long time. In fact when lunch hour arrived he was still absent. What kept him? Leone marveled, but did not repine. She walked about in a



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half distraît manner, wishing for the return of her handsome Casper.

When night drew on again and he was still absent, she became alarmed. She had refused luncheon, now dinner was here and Casper still gone.

It was exasperating. The bride pouted and grew vexed. He had no right to tease her like this. She waited an hour, then went to the dining room alone. It wasn't pleasant to dine thus, and she married less than four and twenty hours.

"I'll punish you for this, my Casper," she mentally soliloquized.

Night flung down its gauntlet. The city gleamed with myriads of electric sparks while the bride of a day sat at her window alone, gazing blankly out upon all the gaiety of which she was no part.

A knock aroused her. A bellboy entered and handed her a telegram.

"Leone: Do not worry. Have been hastily summoned home. Will write.

"LUPINE."

The bit of paper fluttered to the floor. Leone sat and gazed at her feelings that were too full for expression. She sat and stared outward, but saw nothing. The electric sparks were not even noticed.

Summoned home. How sudden. Why did he not tell her this in person? It could not be so sudden as to demand this. The first answer to the door bell was the bride.

Her lethargy vanished. She was up and pacing the carpet. Without waiting for with Arctic cold, the bride walked and thought of a thousand ills.

The night, a veiled, ugly, miserable night, the first one after her marriage.

It was not wholly sleepless, however. Leone fell asleep after midnight, her pillow wet with angry, passionate tears. They were not to be her last, however.

No news came on the following day. Waiting seemingly, the bride grew ill, so ill that a doctor was summoned. She was sick a week. When she stood on her feet once more she had very little store of coin in her purse, and during all this time not a word from Casper Lupine.

How thoughtless he was. But one recourse was left. She would go to Washington and demand her rights as the wife of Colonel Thomas Lupine's son.

The colonel's capital was reached and she at once made search for Colonel Lupine's house on the avenue. She could not find it, nor did she find the colonel. Why? Simply because the colonel was a myth. No such name was in the directory, and at the end of two days' search Leone sat down to the realization that she was to be deserted and deserted, but forever disgraced as well.

Her early desire now was to find Casper Lupine and visit a fitting vengeance upon his unholy head.

This strange and romantic story will be continued in the Ledger issue of next week. Do not miss the pleasure and instruction of reading it to the end. If you are not already taking the Ledger regularly or if your subscription has expired we strongly advise you to subscribe at once and get the balance of this fine story as well as numerous great and thrilling serials that are awaiting publication in the best of all story papers. If the reader would like our splendid Presidential Portraits free, or if you would like six artistic pattern without cost, please note the announcement of these premiums on pages thirteen and fifteen.

Prefers Death.

"Judge," said the prisoner, "I would like to ask a few questions before I enter my plea."

"You have the court's permission," said the judge.

"If I am on trial," said the prisoner, "do I have to sit here and hear all the hypothetical questions asked by the lawyers?"

"Certainly," said the judge.

"And hear all the handwriting experts?"

"Of course."

"And follow the reasoning of the chemistry and toxicology experts?"

"Very likely," said the judge.

"Well, then, Judge, I will enter my plea."

"What is it?" asked the judge.

"Guilty!"

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THE TUFT OF HAIR.

A beautiful woman found dead in the gray morning on the outskirts of the town! Two laborers going to their work in the woods had discovered the body, and in their flight had thrown their axes down and beat a hasty retreat to the village, where, under great excitement, they reported the matter to the authorities. All Broomfield was excited over the terrible news. Never in the history of the town had such a tragedy occurred. The woman was well known in the community as a young widow, whose husband had led a somewhat reckless life, but who had left her well provided for at his death, which occurred after two years of wedded life.

The town magistrate, five councilmen, the chief inspectors, and perhaps fifty villagers of Broomfield, after they had heard the story of the two laborers, followed them to the spot where the body lay.

It was a fitting spot for a murder. The sandy road, arched by meeting trees that shut the sunlight in, led abruptly to a covered bridge, which spanned a bleak and sluggish stream, and just fifty yards from this wrote, in a clearing of bushes by the roadside, the body lay.

Why did the murderer leave it there? was the question we involuntarily asked ourselves, as the white face and staring eyes met our gaze. Why did he not seek to conceal his crime by throwing the body into the river?

The woman had been strangled; the print of human fingers was plainly seen on her throat." The fingers of the right hand were closed tightly, and the blue veins seemed to pierce the bloodless palm. Evidently she had not died without a struggle.

"Look!" cried one of the villagers, pointing to the closed hand, and we saw for the first time that in the left hand was a small black hair.

"This may be a clue to the murderer," said the magistrate, "Mr. Brown, you will hold the inquest. Had we not better remove the body to the nearest house?"

Brown assented, and we formed a little funeral procession and bore the dead woman to the town.

The two laborers who had discovered the body were witnesses, but the inquest developed nothing except that the woman was fond of flowers, which was the coroner, and that on the evening of her death she had been seen walking alone with her. Here the witness lost sight of them, so thought counsel, of the incident. She could not describe the man in his shirt-sleeves, for she could not distinguish his features. She remembered, however, that he was a tall man, and seemed to have a tuft of black hair in his hand.

Who could have committed the crime? Robbery was not the object, for the woman's purse, containing a little less than two dollars, was found by her side, and rather, in a little satchel which she carried suspended from her wrist.

My business kept me in Broomfield a week after the inquest, and I left it as we were no nearer to solving the mystery of the murder than they were when the body was found.

I remember how, a month afterward, as I lay on my bed in a distant town, thinking it over, the testimony of that woman of the inquest seemed to me and set me thinking.

She had spoken of a man "with his coat off," and we had stopped to question the engaged her in conversation in the park. Had they looked for this as a clue and followed it up?

Was there a man in that town who habitually went in his shirt-sleeves? A man who had been familiar enough with the woman to address her as the man did?

The more I thought of this the more it appealed to me, and I got restless in my silence. It seemed to take in my mind the indefinite clue to the murder, until at last I felt confident that I could clear up the mystery in which it was shrouded.

I looked my satchel and bought a ticket to Broomfield. I'd just owe unfinished business there, and a good excuse for going.

Arrived there, I made inquiries concerning the murder. A reward had been offered for the murderer, but as yet he had not been captured.

My room was in the second story of the little hotel. It was a pleasant one, and although fatigued by my journey, I could not sleep.

It was perhaps near twelve o'clock, when the stillness of death seemed to reign in the house, that I suddenly resolved to seek the balcony for a breath of fresh air. As I stepped out, a man in his shirt-sleeves, bareheaded, sitting at the far end, with his feet on the railing. He gave an involuntary start as I appeared.

"Ah," he said, with something like a sigh, "not for a breath of fresh air, eh? It was so very hot in the house, I thought I'd try it out here myself."

I did not know that the man's manner would have impressed me if I had not seen him in his shirt-sleeves, rather as I were no cost myself. Who could on such a sultry July night?

I do not know whether fate or Providence led me to this man; but I do know that a half-hour's conversation with him made me suspect that he knew something about the murder of the dead woman, and that what I had seen on that memorable morning by the roadside.

I naturally led the conversation to the murder. He did not seem inclined to talk of it, and soon changed the subject. But I brought him back to it by easy stages, until at last, with a gesture of impatience, he said:

"I don't wish to talk about it: the authorities are at work on the case, and I suppose they'll ferret out the murderer in time."

The best detectives sometimes blunder in their work. I was an amateur in the business; hence my great confidence in my theories.

"A tall man," the woman had said. Here was a tall man. A tuft of coarse black hair clutched in the dead woman's palm. My friend in his shirt-sleeves had just such hair. These were the mental notes I made while I was talking with him there on the balcony.

"Are you a stranger here?" I asked.

"Not exactly," he replied. "I've been in business here a little more than three months. I'm a surveyor."

We parted for the night, and before I returned I decided to dismiss my foolish impression of the man and turn my attention to other matters. But I could not quite rid my mind of the idea that in some way or another he was connected with that murder.

In the morning, after breakfast, he walked across the street to the postoffice in his shirt-sleeves. I saw him a dozen times that day—always in his shirt-sleeves. That next day, and the next the man, he was always coatless. It seemed to be his habit to go that way.

The more I suspected to him, and the more I thought of him the more I felt convinced that he knew something about the murder.

He said he was a surveyor. Perhaps that was the reason he took long walks every afternoon. I had seen him in the park a dozen times, he was there when he came.

I sought the woman who had testified at the inquest. If she saw that man in the park again, would she be able to recognize him?

She thought she would. If she could see him standing in the same position.

I slipped a five-dollar bill in her hand, enjoined her to secrecy, and obtained her promise to be in the park every evening after that until she met the man.

The next day at twilight I saw a man standing in the park with a coat on his arm. In his hand he held a heavy cane, and appeared to be contemplating some object in the distance.

While he was in this position the woman, true to her promise, passed hurriedly up, keeping her eyes fixed on him as she went.

I followed her, and when we were well out of hearing she stopped, and said:

"Before Heaven, I think it's the man I saw with Mrs. Huntley. I knew him by his shirt."

I was wild with excitement.

"Do not breathe a word of this to any one," was my injunction to the woman, as I hurried to the magistrate's residence.

Impossible! he exclaimed, when I laid the story before him. "That is Captain Carlton, a surveyor, and a gentleman far above reproach. It is true he had paid the dead woman some attention, but—

I interrupted him with an impatient gesture.

"You are bound to take this woman's testimony." I said, "and place this captain under arrest. It matters not what his character may be. The woman says it is the man!"

The inspector of police was called in.

"Find Captain Carlton," said the magistrate, "and bring him before me immediately, on business."

It was perhaps a full hour before the captain put in an appearance, and when he did, the magistrate did not know what to say to him.

"Well," he said, with an inquiring look, "what can I do for you?"

The magistrate said nothing, but looked appealingly to me.

"We should send for the woman," I said.

"What woman?" asked Carlton excitedly.

"Captain," said the magistrate, in a nervous voice, "there is a woman here who says that she saw you with Mrs. Huntley."

The man started at the name, and a faint pallor overspread his face, which soon changed to an indignant red. He did not wait for the magistrate to finish the sentence, but, stamping his foot, furiously exclaimed:

"It is a lie—a black lie! And I'll strike the man or woman dead who says it!"

"Don't commit another murder, captain," I said, placing my hand on a revolver which I always carried. "I accuse you of the crime!"

He sprang forward with a fearful impreation, but drew back at the sight of my weapon, which was leveled at his breast.

By this time the room was crowded with curious spectators, who had overheard the oaths of the caged captain.

He was soon secured and taken to jail. The woman was brought face to face with him, and he cowered before her.

The lock of hair in the dead woman's hand matched his own exactly, and finally a confession was wrung from him.

He had loved the woman, but she had repulsed him. He soon found that she loved another, and on the evening of the murder he had met her by accident, and walked with her to the place where her body was subsequently found. In a fit of jealous rage he had choked her to death, though he did not mean to kill her.

The sound of a wagon approaching had frightened him, and he fled, leaving the body where it was found next morning.

The captain paid the penalty of his crime in due course. It was the first detective work I had ever done, and I hope it will be the last. I was not working for the reward, but the investigation thought I deserved it, and I was $500 better off in the bank when the case was concluded and I left Broomfield.

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"Well, I reckon it can be done," was the reply.

"Then, how had I best proceed?"

"You should start in to up on the hill over there. I don't know who owns the property, but if you treat him right there won't likely be any objections. Better have it ready by next Saturday. That's market day. Turn out early and treat the crowd."

"I see."

"Set the old thing going, and ask the boys to come over and help you."

"Just so."

"You want to stand on a barrel and make some explanations, of course, for this mill will be new to most of us. Don't talk too long. Make it about ten minutes and then treat the crowd."

"I'll do that."

"If your talk lasts longer than ten minutes, then you treat again."

"No."

"If the old man Jones comes in with his boys, there'll be a row in the crowd. They shoot on sight. Keep your eye peeled, and if you see any signs of a row, ask the whole crowd over to drink."

"I catch on."

"Look out for dog fights. If one takes place, you can't hold the crowd over two minutes. Keep your eye on the dogs. If they begin to bristle up to you, call out the crowd some over and mollify."

"I see, and by that time the crowd will be drunk, won't it?" asked the agent.

"Startin it will, and that's what you want, of course. That will give you a chance to skip out and take your life along with you; and if you make a stop anywhere within a hundred miles of the, you are a bigger fool than I take you to be!"

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Uneasy is the tooth that wears a misfit crown.

Don't look down on people who look up to you.

To the pure all things are pure—outside of politics.

Ballot girls never miss an opportunity to register a kick.

Some men marry widows so they won't have to buy new furniture.

If there is anything a woman loves more than a man it is some other man.

Even when a woman does trust her husband she doesn't let him know it.

It isn't always safe to judge a man's wisdom by the silliness of he love letters.

After a man has taken a few glasses of rye on board he seems to feel his oats.

The jury probably will not find the mother of Mrs. Thaw guilty, but the public will.

Dead men tell no tales, but the anecdotes their friends tell about them more than make up for it.

Perhaps the Panama Canal zone is haunted by the uneasy ghost of the late Ferdinand de Lesseps.

New York's subway has sprung a mysterious leak that threatens to flood it. Possibly the water is coming out of the stock.

Think twice before you speak; and if you think three times the chances are you will not think it necessary to speak at all.

As Grover Cleveland was a bachelor up to the age of 47 years, he speaks with knowledge when he scores the bachelors.

If the Czar dissolves the newly elected Douma and calls for another perhaps he will make only the grand dukes qualified voters.

Honduras and Nicaragua will have to put a lot more ginger in their fighting if they expect to compete with the Thaw trial for first page position.

Devote your spare time to the consideration of your own faults, for a change, and you will have less to say about the faults of your neighbors.

Secretary Shaw and Jim Hill ought to pool their gassing, for the rest of us should be just as happy if scared to death only once a week instead of twice a week.

Speed is only one of the qualities desirable in a railroad train. Some passengers have a notion that they want to get to their destination alive and without being tied up in splints.

Rhode Island is having an awful time selecting a United States Senator to help Aldrich run things at Washington. Still, Aldrich does not seem to need any help except when he collides with the President.

LIEUTENANT FAIRFAX'S TREACHERY.

By EMMA HOWARD WIGHT.

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CHAPTER XX.

Two weeks later.

It was ten o'clock in the evening. Virginia was in her room, about to retire for the night, when Aunt Clarissa entered hurriedly.

"Honey, Marse Marshall am down in de kitchen and wants to see ye," she said. "Thar, don't git skeard, thar's nuffin' wrong wid Marse Royal. And, listen, honey, de Yankees hab been gone sich Marse Marshall and dey shot him in de shoulder. But come 'long, honey, he's anxious fo' to see you."

Virginia followed Aunt Clarissa to the kitchen where she found Marshall Boyer, looking ghastly pale, lying upon the settle in front of the fire.

The rigid compression of his lips showed that he was suffering from pain.

Virginia went quickly to him.

"Marshall, what has happened?" she asked. "You are wounded. But do not try to explain yet; the first thing to do is to see to your wound."

"Never mind that now," Marshall exclaimed hurriedly. "I was signaling to Early from the top of the signal station on Massanutten Mountain with a dispatch from General Lee, when Federals, who had reached him at sunset and it is of vital importance that it should reach Winchester, be signalled from Massanutten on to Winchester. At Tumbling Run Bridge I found a body of Federals drawn up to attack the Federals. They fired upon me, but I turned off into the woods where I should easily elude them, tried to push on to Strasburg, but found myself growing so faint from loss of blood that I was obliged to stop here. Virginia, I must send this dispatch to the signal station. Will you let Dinah take it? I know that she's to be trusted and there is no other way."

"Oh, Marshall, I am so sorry, but Jim isn't here," Virginia answered. "They sent him to Winchester this afternoon and he will not be back until tomorrow evening."

"Then I must go; this dispatch must be delivered," cried Lieutenant Boyer, starting up. But the next moment he fell back with a groan, the cold sweat breaking out on his brow. "It's impossible! I should only fall by my tracks," he murmured. "My God, what's to be done?"

"Calm yourself, Marshall! I will carry the dispatch to the signal station," said Virginia quietly.

"You!" cried Marshall. "Impossible!"

"Hab you forgot dem words of hade, chile?" exclaimed Aunt Clarissa.

"Why should I?" demanded Virginia. "It's a very simple and easy thing to do. I know the road up the mountain as well as I know my way along the turnpike to Strasburg. Give me that dispatch, Marshall, and I shall be back before you know your wound."

Shortly and half reluctantly he drew a long envelope from his breast.

"Virginia, I should not permit you to do this," he exclaimed faintly. "I will your father say?"

"That I acted as the daughter of a brave soldier should," she replied with a smile as she held out her hand for the dispatch. "Now let mammy see to your wound and do not worry. All will be well. Where have you left your horse?"

"At the hitching-post by the stables," he murmured faintly. "Virginia, I thank you. Virginia."

"Marse Marshall, dere yas ain't gwine to let dat chile do nuffin' lak dat!" cried Aunt Clarissa, but Virginia was out of the room almost before the words had passed her lips and the remonstrance fell upon deaf ears for Marshall Boyer's wounds.

Virginia went quickly upstairs to her room and put on a long dark cloak, drawing the hood over her head. A few minutes later she was riding swiftly along the turnpike in the direction of Strasburg. It cost her a pang to urge Marshall's horse for he was pretty well fagged, but she knew that she must lose no time in getting the dispatch to the signal station.

The night was cool and clear. Upon both sides of the turnpike the autumn leaves lay thickly.

A wonder if the Federals pursued Marshall along the river road," Virginia was thinking. "In that case it will take them longer to reach the foot of the mountain and I may conquer them, after all. I can only get there before them. I must urge this horse and will to reach the mountain before the Federals."

She was not long in reaching the town. No one was about, the street was silent and deserted. It seemed to Virginia that the sound of her horse's hoofs on the turnpike was almost startlingly loud. She breathed a long sigh of relief as she turned off from the turnpike into the road that led directly to the foot of the mountain. As she approached the foot of the mountain she drew her horse down to a walk and looked cautiously about her. Then her heart gave a leap, for she heard the tramping of horses and knew that the Federals were approaching from the river road. She hesitated a moment, then cut the horse sharply with her whip and dashed up the mountain.

A shout from the Federals told her that she was seen. Glancing back she saw that they had paused at the foot of the mountain. The only construction she could put upon this was that they were uncertain whether or not she was the Confederate soldier they had been pursuing, not being able to understand how he had reached the turnpike when they had seen him turn into the river road.

A moment later she had lost sight of them as she urged her panting horse up the steep mountain road. She slackened her pace, however, as she drew near to Lem Ash's cabin. She could see the white stone at that lonely grave gleaming in the starlit darkness. As she was riding slowly by, thinking sadly of poor Nan, a man stepped suddenly into the road and laid his hand upon her bridle.

"If you move a hand you're a dead man," he said.

As soon as he spoke, Virginia, with a feeling of relief, recognized him as Lem Ash. Before she had time to speak, however, he continued:

"So, Marshall Boyer, you and me meets here on the spot what you delivered me into the hands of Early's provost guard, and my little gal gave her life fo' to save mine. It was yo' turn then, it's my turn now. Reckon you're kinder curious as how I happen to be here a-waitin' for you, Marshall? I ain't got no objection to tellin' you. They let me out two years ago and drafted me into the Confederate army. I've been in Early's command for the past two weeks. I've kept out o' yo' way, 'cause I didn't want you to know I was around, but I've been a-waitin' fo' my chance. I always intended for to get even with you some day. I want that thar dispatch; thar won't be no signalling from Massanutten to-night. You can tell what story you please to Early when you git back to camp, but I reckon he'll gives ye credit for if you give me any trouble 'bout that thar dispatch I'm a-goin' to kill you. You'll be unarmed with only that thar dispatch you'll never go, Marshall Boyer."

He paused and lifted the pistol in his hand.

"You are mistaken," said Virginia. "I am not Marshall Boyer."

Ash started.

"Great Jud! If it ain't a woman!" he exclaimed.

"Yes, it's a woman," added Virginia. "So will you stand aside and let me go on my way?"

"Not so fast," said Ash, suspiciously. "You ain't a-goin' no further till I knows what yo' business is here on Massanutten."

Virginia reflected for a moment, then she replied:

"Lieutenant Boyer has been wounded by some Federals and I am carrying the dispatch with which he was charged to the signal station. Now, please allow me to go on."

Ash gave a harsh laugh.

"Well, I reckon not. That is, not with that thar dispatch. You hand that over to me fust."

"That I shall never do," Virginia answered firmly.

"Well, you air a brave gal," said Ash admiringly. "Who air you, anyway?"

"I am Virginia Fairfax."

Ash's harsh laugh repeated Ash, with a sudden change in his voice. "Her as was so good to my little gal?"

"Nan loved me, I am sure," Virginia answered gently. "I come here quite often and put flowers on her grave."

Ash stood upon her for a few moments in silence.

"I reckon you're Virginia Fairfax right enough," he said at length. "Yo' father couldn't be nuther face like yourn in this here world."

His hand dropped from the bridle and he stepped back. "You kin go on up the mountain. I couldn't do nothin' agin you as war so good to my little gal. I'll find nuther way to git even with him."

"Listen to me for a moment," said Virginia earnestly. "Here at your daughter's grave, I ask you to forgive Marshall Boyer. I ask it in your daughter's name, for I feel sure that it was what she would wish. Marshall Boyer did only what he believed to be his duty, and, even if he has injured you, God has said, 'Vengeance is Mine.' Will you not ignore me to forgive Marshall Boyer and to make no further attempt to injure him?"

"I can't make no sich promises as that," Ash answered sullenly. He suddenly paused and stood listening. "That's hosses a-comin' up the mountain," he added, extinguishing the lanterns as he spoke.

"Oh, I am afraid it's the Federals who were pursuing Marshall," exclaimed Virginia. "I encountered them at the foot of the mountain. What shall I do if they attempt to stop me?"

"I'll see to that," said Ash. "You sit firm and look out for your own."

He took hold of the bridle and led the horse into the woods at the right of the road. It was intensely dark, but Ash seemed to find his way fearlessly. In a short time Virginia found that they were entering a sort of a cave and it flashed upon her that it was the moonshiner's cave for which the revenue officers had set them in the train.

Then Ash spoke for the first time.

"I reckon them Yankees won't be apt to find us here," he remarked with a grim sort of satisfaction. "Now I'll go back and see what they're a-up to. I'm sho' I'm afeard to stay here by yo'self for a little while."

"Oh, I am not afraid," replied Virginia.

She heard Ash turn and go away. It seemed a very long time, though it was probably hardly ten minutes that she spent alone in the black darkness of the cave. Once a time she had to speak gently to the horse which was restless and uneasy. Virginia drew a long breath of relief when she heard the rustling of the leaves without and a moment later Ash appeared in the cave.

"The coast is clear," he said. "The Yankees have gone back down the mountain. You air one brave, spunky gal, fo' all yo' pretty looks," he went on, as he led the horse from the cave.

Neither spoke until they had reached the road. Then Virginia leaned forward and held out her hand.

"I thank you for all that you have done for me tonight," she said.

Ash hesitated for a moment, then he took her delicate hand in his great coarse one.

"You ain't got nothin' to thank me for," he replied gruffly. "Thar ain't much that I wouldn't do fo' you 'cause of my little gal."

"Then do as I ask you in regard to Marshall Boyer," replied Virginia earnestly.

"Well, I'll think of it." Ash answered. "I can't promise you no mo'n that. I'll send yo' hoss along up the mountain."

The men of the signal corps were struck with amazement when there rode into their midst a girl, with a face like a pearl and crowned with pale gold hair flowing loose upon her shoulders. It was several moments before the officer in charge could recovered himself sufficiently to advance.

Virginia handed him the dispatch with a brief explanation.

"We are greatly indebted to you, Miss Fairfax," he said. "Will you permit me to send two of my men home with you?" he added.

"No, it is unnecessary," Virginia replied with a smile. "I have nothing to fear now that the dispatch is delivered."

Every man stood uncovered as she turned and rode slowly down the mountain.

"God bless her," said the commanding officer, his voice broken with emotion. "God bless the brave women of the South!"

"Amen to that!" replied a dozen rough voices.

CHAPTER XXI.

For some little time after Virginia's departure Aunt Clarissa had no time to indulge her grief for Marshall, who had first to restore Marshall to consciousness,

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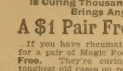

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then dress his wound which, though painful, was not serious, the bullet having penetrated only the fleshy part of the shoulder. After the wound was dressed and Marshall had partaken of some brandy, he was able to get upstairs and to bed.

"Now, you jes' go to sleep and you'll be jes' 'nough fix in de mawnin'," said Aunt Clarissa, as she arranged his pillow more comfortably and tucked the bed clothes about him.

"To sleep would be impossible," replied Marshall. "There'll be no rest or peace for me until Virginia arrives in safety."

"I hopes dat de good Lawd gwine to hear dat chile back soon," said Aunt Clarissa with a sigh. "Shall I go wake de mawna, Marse Marshall?"

"No; you and I, mammy, will wait and watch alone. Go sit at the window and watch the top of Manassas Mountain. As soon as you see the lights flashing, we will know that the dispatch has been delivered."

Aunt Clarissa went and sat down by the window, turning her dusky face, anxious and watchful, toward the mountain. Lieutenant Boyer lay among his pillows, pale and silent. It was the first time he had been at Fairfax Manor since the day previous to the battle of Fisher's Hill. Boyd had been granted leave of absence and had returned to Fairfax Manor with May Langley, Virginia Fairfax and Colonel Marshall had said to him:

"Boyd, I hardly dare ask you how your father and Virginia feel toward me."

"My father is a soldier and Virginia is a soldier's daughter," Boyd had replied gravely; "they know that you only did your duty."

"But—"

"Let us speak of it no more, Marshall; the subject must always be painful. I want to tell you something about Nathan. In the left over the heart we found the dress of an Indian and a peculiar sort of bonnet, which, when lighted, gave a sort of lluish light."

Marshall smiled grimly.

"Nathan was the ghost," he remarked quietly.

"So it would appear. Black Jim asserts that Nathan often went away at night always carrying a small bundle. But what do you suppose we found in the bundle? A ghost!"

"I was always under the impression that some one was playing the ghost for a purpose," Marshall said. "I think I understand it all. Nathan was part Indian and had no doubt heard the story of the money supposed to be hidden in the Old Stone House. He went there frequently to search for it, and succeeded in playing the ghost was to keep persons from living there. He certainly succeeded."

"I believe you have hit upon the correct solution of the ghost mystery," exclaimed Boyd. "Its cunning, perseverance, energy and dogged determination he must have possessed."

"Those are characteristic of the Indian. See how patiently he waited an opportunity to strike you."

Some time had passed since Aunt Clarissa sat watching at the window. Suddenly she started to her feet and cried:

"Marse Marshall, day's de flashin' ob de lights on ole Manassutten. Dey's de good Lawd bress dat chile!"

"God bless the bravest girl in all Virginia," murmured Marshall, and in five minutes he was sleeping as quietly as a child.

Aunt Clarissa stole softly from the room, down the stairs and out upon the porch. There she remained listening for the sound of a horse's hoofs upon the turnpike. Overhead the stars shone, she sat and waited, motionless, though nearly an hour passed before she heard it. Then she started up, tears of joy running down her cheeks.

"Thank de good Lawd!" she murmured, as she went to the field gate.

"Why, mammy, dear, is that you?" said Virginia, as she drew rein.

"Yas'm, honey. It am me. I'se been waitin' and watchin' and prayin' to de good Lawd for to bring you back safe, for yo' ole mammy been worried to death."

Virginia dismounted, saddle and bagged Aunt Clarissa.

"How is Marshall?" she asked.

"He am all right, honey. I done dressed his shoulder and put him to bade. He tole me to go to bade, but I watched for de lights on ole Manassutten. Soon as I tole him dey war signallin' he say 'God bless de honest girl' an' he went to sleep. I he drap off to sleep. Dat war a bery unwise thing for you to do, honey, wasn't no ways fittin'."

"No, mammy, dear, I shall always be glad and proud of what I have done tonight."

The next afternoon Lieutenant Boyer insisted upon returning to camp. He had learned to "forgive and forget" his experience with Lem Ash with a stern, resentful look upon his face.

"It would have been his life or mine," he remarked briefly when she had finished.

"May you ever still have to share your cares with Virginia now," said Colonel Fairfax to his ward, with a smile.

"Indeed I will," May replied. "Do you think you could find that cave, Virginia?"

Lieutenant Boyer looked up quickly and waited rather eagerly for Virginia to reply.

"No, I do not think that I could," she answered. "And if I could no one should know where to look for it."

When Marshall was about to depart, he turned to Virginia and said:

"General Early shall know who carried that dispatch to the signal corps on Massanutten."

Virginia flushed.

"It's not necessary to tell him, Marshall," she replied. "I would rather you did not."

"Nonsense!" exclaimed May. "Don't you heed what Virginia says, Marshall."

"I am afraid that in this instance I must disregard her wishes," said Marshall with a smile.

CHAPTER XXII.

The middle of October found General Sheridan encamped at Cedar Creek, three miles from Strasburg, while General Early had moved down the Valley and taken up his old position at Fisher's Hill. Sheridan had taken advantage of a season of quiet to make a personal inspection of the route to Washington. He left the troops temporarily under command of General Wright.

On the 13th of October Early surprised the Federals at Cedar Creek. The attack was not made admirably planned but of great daring, as it involved twice crossing Shenandoah River, the waters of which were very rapid. The Federals, fighting with stubborn courage and desperation, twice succeeded in repulsing the enemy, but undoubtedly would have been disastrously defeated, were it not for the strange conduct on the part of the Confederates by which they allowed "golden hours" to escape in which to reorganize their scattered troops.

As the sun rose higher in the heavens the gray mist which overhung the mountains changed to rose color, and then, like a curtain that is uplifted, it faded away, and the mountains, wooded hill, stream and valley appeared bathed in golden light. There had been a heavy frost during the night, which sparkled like grass and the leaves, and when the sun shone forth they took on one more glorious color. But the beauty of that exquisite autumn morning seemed the veriest mockery.

It was between seven and eleven o'clock that Lieutenant Boyer, who had kept guard over the wounded, received a bullet wound in the breast.

He reeled, then slid from his saddle to the side of the turnpike. The blood was gushing from the wound and the sun poured down upon his upturned face. As the minutes passed his suffering grew intense. Suddenly he heard the sound of shouts and cheers from the Federals, and, for the first time, his suffering was forgotten. "Were the Federals victorious?" he asked himself. With a great effort he lifted himself upon his elbow, but the breath thrown from his clenched teeth, for galloping madly down the turnpike he saw a Federal general whom he at once recognized as Sheridan. The latter was accompanied by his staff, and as they drew near Marshall's eyes instinctively sought one face.

"Father!" he cried aloud. "Father!"

With a start Lieutenant-Surgeon Boyer looked down upon the ghastly face, upon which the pallor of death was fast setting, and the agonized, imploring eyes. With a shock he realized his son-in-law lay mortally wounded, and for a moment his hand tightened on the bridle. There was a momentary struggle in his breast between a father's love and the soldier's duty, then his hand released the hold on the bridle and the horse leaped forward.

A moment later Sheridan and his staff were lost to view in the gray dust of the turnpike. Marshall fell back, vaguely conscious that a cloud of dust, the cheers and shouts of "Sheridan! Sheridan!"

CHAPTER XXIII.

About half an hour later Lem Ash, crossing the field to the turnpike, heard a faint voice murmuring. "Water! water!" and coming to him saw the face of a Confederate soldier lying at his feet. The next moment he started back with an oath and a shout, which he quickly turned into a curse, fell to his side.

"He thar and dis, Marshall Boyer!" he muttered.

He was about to turn away when suddenly Virginia Fairfax's fair face rose before him and he seemed to hear again her sweet voice pleading for him to forgive May. Marshall Boyer because Nan would have wished it. But to forgive and savor in his dire extremity the man who had betrayed him, to forego the revenge for which he had lived for the past two years, burning, burning fiercely and his strong hands were clenched.

"No, no, no, no, I will not!" he muttered. He would not lift a finger to help the base traitor! Let him die there by the roadside!

Yet the memory of the love of Heaven's child

When Bobby Is Scared.

"Why don't you get up and give that seat to your father, Bobby?" reprimanded the lady. "Doesn't it pain you to see him reaching for a strap?"

"Not on a train," chuckled Bobby; "but it pains me to see him reaching for a strap at home."—Tidbits.

In the Beginning.

'Twas the night before Christmas.
In making his rounds of the garden to see that the animals were in their proper cages Adam discovered a woman.

"Ha!" he exclaimed, "this must be the first Christmas Eve."

The Lost Suit.

Griggs—Dropped into the courthouse this morning and lost my overcoat there, coufound the luck.

Briggs—That's nothing. Last week I lost a whole suit there.

Pro. Theorybue—Did your steam airship fly a quarter of a mile high?
Prof. Fitzwinger—Yes, some of the pieces flew half a mile high.

Proper Material.

Jack—When I marry I hope to be able to feather my nest.

Tom—What do you expect to feather it with?

Jack—Cash down.

AGENTS WANTED

Nearly all the readers of THE LEDGER will find these advertisements of interest to them. There will be found among them some excellent chances of making money by selling goods to friends, neighbors and others. Those seeking such an opportunity either as a regular or temporary occupation, should write the advertisers whose offers follow.

AGENTS WANTED
Sell our 50c $1.00 bottle of Sarsaparilla for 25 cents. 200 per cent profit. Best seller. Finest medicine. Complies with pure drug law. Everyone buys. Write now for terms.
Bottle to Sc. F. R. GREENE, 27 Lake Street, Chicago, Illinois.

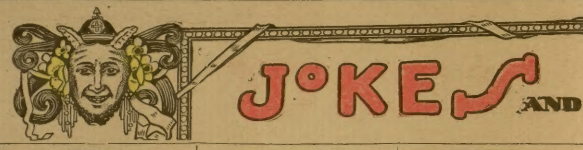
AGENTS learn to 8c glasses by reading Grosse Free Book on the eye. It will tell you all about it. A book more than pays your time $75.00 to $150.00 per month without it. Don't delay. Write today. Don't fail to get. No fee to pass it, profitable or no time wasted. No finger mesmery to work for some one else at a salary. Send Book Free. Address Grosse Optical College, Dept. F, Fulton, Michigan.

BIG MAIL FREE!

POST OFFICE

Would you like to get a lot of letters, circulars and packages? Yes, probably you know that manufacturers, supply houses, wholesalers and publishers of mail order business use the mails to reach customers. Many of mail order business are hard to get and are quite expensive. Our plan DIRECTORY LIST containing names and addresses of such firms, arranged in alphabetical order. We send these Directory Lists to anyone we know are anxious to get names to send advertising matter to. Write your name plainly so the printer will not make a mistake. We also give free a mixed number and name of paper to write on that any mail will forward to you will reach you without fail. We have been publishing the Agent's Directory List for several years and refer to the editor of this paper or to any firm we are reliable. All we ask is that you let us send you our list, and if you find it satisfactory your Agents' Directory List is given gratis. Write today. Address
AGENT'S DIRECTORY LIST, INDIANA, Indiana County, PENNA.

When answering advertisements you will favor the advertiser and the publishers by mentioning The Chicago Ledger.



Reflection.

Leading Lady—Did you notice the Johnny in the third box? For one solid hour he gazed intently at my diamonds.

Comedian—Yes, I heard several people commenting on his glassy stare.

A Serious Case.

Customer—My watch won't go.

Jeweler (examining it)—My! My! Have you been in a railroad collision?

Customer (surprised)—Why, no.

Jeweler (solemnly)—Then you undress you should not throw your vest down on the floor when your watch is in the pocket.

Customer (thoughtfully)—I never do. I have been exceedingly careful with that watch. Don't know how it got hurt. How long will it take you to fix it?

Jeweler (after another examination)—You'd better leave it here at least a week, but if you can get along with it, I would advise two weeks.

Customer—Very well. Do it up right. Good day.

Jeweler (to assistant)—Hans, blow that speck of dust off that hour-wheel, and charge up five dollars for repairs.

Waiter—Yes, sah, we're very up-to-date here. We cook everything by helectricity, sah.

Customer—Oh, do you? Then just give this steak another shock.

Different Viewpoints.

"A lot of good powder is wasted on unnecessary salutes," remarked the young military officer.

"Yes, that's a fact," rejoined the society man. "But there is no law to prevent women from kissing each other."

No Room for Doubt.

Hyker—What reason have you for believing that young De Smith is leading a double life?

Pyker—The best in the world. I was one of the witnesses to his marriage.

Alas! The Poor Women.

Man wants but little here below,
Because he's too polite
To interfere when women go
For everything in sight.

Out of the Mouths of Babes.

"What is a Yankee?" asked the teacher of the juvenile class.

"He's a fellow what yanks everything in sight," answered the boy at the foot.

Small Harry, during his first visit to the country, saw some ducks swimming in a pond.

"Oh, grandma," he exclaimed, "look at the cuckoos skating on the water!"

Mamma—I'm surprised that you do not want to go to school, Tommy. Aren't you fond of your teacher?

Tommy—Yes, mamma. But absence makes the heart grow fonder, you know.

Small Johnny (after the slipper exercise)—I'm glad I ain't a girl.

Mamma—Why?

Small Johnny—'Cause I'd be ashamed to grow up into a woman and punish little boys like me.

Teacher—If any little girl knows the answer, let her hold up her hand. Well, Nellie, what is it?

Nettie (aged 6)—I don't know.

Teacher—Then why did you hold up your hand?

Nettie—I couldn't help it. I just had to show the new ring I got for Christmas.

To Make Them Forget.

"Girls," said the manager of the quick-lunch joint, "I want you to look your best today. Add an extra ribbon or ring. Give your cheeks an extra dab of powder."

"What's the matter?" said Marie, the fair head waitress. "Butter bad again?"

"No," said the manager; "the beef's on the bum."

Ahead of the Game.

"There is a far-away look in your eyes," said the sentimental youth, "that leads me to believe you have loved and lost."

"I may have loved," rejoined the fair grass widow, "but I didn't lose. The jury awarded me $5,000 alimony."

Familiar Story.

Her Husband—Why is it that you are always wanting money?

His Wife—I suppose it is because I never get any.

Two Bad Storms.

Mr. Winkers—I hear you have had two very bad thunder storms lately in your town.

Old Friend—Yes; the first one struck a church, but no one was hurt. You see, the weather looked a little threatening that Sunday, and there wasn't anybody there. But the second storm blew over a circus tent and killed sixteen deacons and four preachers.

Sunday School Teacher—Jimmy, what is the chief end of man?

Jimmy (very promptly)—The end with the head on.

Just a Suggestion.

"Here's an inquiry from a man signed 'Benedict,' who wants to know how to prevent baldness," said the answers-to-correspondents editor.

"Tell him to get a divorce," suggested the horse reporter.

No Chance for an Argument.

"Speaking of idle curiosity," said the typewriter boarder, "men have more of it—than women."

"Naturally," rejoined the scanty-haired bachelor. "The curiosity of women is anything but idle; it works overtime."

Scene—The summit of Vesuvius.
American Tourist (to the world at large)—Great snakes, it reminds me of hell!
English Tourist—My dear, how these Americans do travel!

THE WHOLE FAMILY

Mother Finds a Food for Grown-ups and Children as Well.

Food that can be eaten with relish and benefit by the children as well as the older members of the family, makes a pleasant household commodity.

Such a food is Grape-Nuts. It not only agrees with and builds up children, but older persons who, from bad habits of eating, have become dyspeptics.

A Philadelphia lady, after being benefited herself, persuaded her husband to try Grape-Nuts for stomach trouble. She writes:

"About eight years ago I had a severe attack of congestion of stomach and bowels. From that time on I had to be very careful about eating, as nearly every kind of food then known to me, seemed to cause pain.

"Four years ago I commenced to use Grape-Nuts. I grew stronger and better and from that time I seldom have been without it; have gained in health and strength and am now heavier than I ever was.

"My husband was also in a bad condition —his stomach became so weak that he could eat hardly anything with comfort. I got him to try Grape-Nuts and he soon found his stomach trouble had disappeared.

"My girl and boy, 3 and 9 years old, do not want anything else for breakfast but Grape-Nuts and more healthy children cannot be found." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich. Read the little booklet, "The Road to Wellville," in pkgs. "There's a reason."

His Modest Request.

Judge—The jury having found you guilty it is my painful duty to sentence you to ten years' imprisonment at hard labor.

Prisoner—Excuse me, your honor, but won't you oblige me by making it a life sentence instead?

Judge (astonished)—Why do you prefer a life sentence?

Prisoner—Well, my physician says I'll probably not live more than a year and if I don't it will save me nine years. See?

Laides, Preserve Your Youthful Appearance.

Madame Mignette's Beauty Cream and Skin Food removes every defect, spot, freckle, pimple, blemish or wrinkle, leaving the skin soft, clear and smooth. It is perfectly harmless and will not injure the most delicate skin. It preserves and brings back the youthful glow to the face and ruddiness to the cheeks, preserving it in this condition until extreme old age. This preparation has been used for years and hundreds are now using it and are more than delighted with the results.

Send us ten (10) cents for formula which you can have filled at any drug store at a very small cost. Do not delay, but write at once. Box 491, Blairsville, Pa.

Easily Arranged.

Swigge—My wife and I both had severe colds at the same time, and the doctor prescribed quinine and whisky, but my wife couldn't swallow the whisky.

Briggs—What did you do about it??

Swigge—Oh, I gave her the quinine and took the whisky myself.

He Took Her Umbrella.

But it didn't rain. He would have known if he'd had a Dainty Maid Color Barometer which accurately foretells the weather. Great seller for agents, a good premium and a pretty gift. Postpaid to any address on receipt of price, 10c. W. P. Randolph & Co., 59 Dearborn St., Chicago.

Luxury, Indeed.

Sam Sunflower—Dat Mistah Burbanks out in Californy am a great man, pard. He kin graft a sweet 'taters on a white 'tater.

Pete Persimmon—Golly! What a great thing et would be if he could graft a sweet 'tater on a possum!

HOW TO CURE CANCER

In from 10 to 20 days by my new Home treatment, mailed to all sending address to DR. O. M. DAVIS, 1405 Cesar Building, LEBANON, OHIO. I refer to any bank or business firm in Lebanon.

Real Monopoly.

The lone bandit was holding up a railway train.

"It's better than being president of the road," he admitted, "I don't have to divide any of the swag with influential politicians."

By way of rebate, however, he returned the cheap watches to their owners.

Helped Make Him Good.

"During our courtship," said Mrs. Weeds, "poor John declared he would die for me and he did."

"Indeed!" exclaimed the surprised friend.

"Yes," continued the fair widow, "I did the cooking myself and he died of indigestion."

Old Adage Comes Up.

Creditor (angrily)—Say, when are you going to pay the $5 you owe me?

Debtor (calmly)—That query reminds me of the old adage.

Creditor—What old adage?

Debtor—The one about a fool's ability to ask questions that a wise man is unable to answer.

Long Distance.

"Where are you going, old chap?" asked the first youth.

"Going to send Myrtilla a kiss through the telephone," replied the second youth.

"Why, you are slow. Don't you know a kiss through the telephone loses its flavor?"

"Just why I am using the telephone, old man. I have been eating onions."

Mr. Goodman—Don't you sometimes miss the pleasant heat and comfort of living indoors?

The Tramp—Oh, yes. But a man can't stay in jail all the time.

Good Housekeeping.

Gyer—That spinster aunt of mine is certainly the limit.

Myer—How's that?

Gyer—I presented her with a loud ticking clock recently and she sprinkled the works with insect powder.

Myer—What did she do that for?

Gyer—To get rid of the ticks.

Magnetic.

Jack—So you love that Miss Stunner?

Dick—Desperately! Do you think she would stick by me if I should pin my faith to her?

Jack—Most undoubtedly, if you used diamond pins.

Bittersweet.

"Parting, you know, is sweet sorrow."

"Guess you never had a quinine capsule part just after you put it in your mouth, did you?"

Perpetual Motion.

As the man with the small black case passed down the avenue he was hailed by an excited individual who was leaning from an upper story window.

"Come up here at once!" shouted the chap above. "I want you to attend my wife."

"But, my dear sir," replied the man with the black case under his arm, "I am not a doctor. I go around fixing machines."

"Well that is just why I called you. My wife has been talking continuously for five hours and I want to see if you can stop her."

No Proof Wanted.

Muggins—Old Bilkins called me a liar today.

Wiggins—Well, why didn't you make him prove it?

Muggins—Huh! That would have only made matters worse.

Pleasant Pete—Yes, when I told the conductor I always traveled on me face he held me by me feet and let me drag me face along de ties.

Sandy Pikes—Great Hoboken, pard, and yer still have de cheek to smile?

Pleasant Pete—Sure; it might have been worse. Suppose I had been two-faced.

Most Unkind.

Edyth—Oh, dear! I dread to think of my thirtieth birthday.

Mayme—Why, did something unpleasant happen?

AGENTS WANTED

Nearly all the readers of THE LEDGER will find these advertisements of interest to them. These will be found among them some excellent chances of making money by selling goods to friends, neighbors and others. Those seeking such an opportunity either as a regular or temporary occupation, should write the advertisers whose offers follow.

SWIFTLIT
WORKS LIKE CITY GAS
In Your Home or Store. No "Pressure" to carry it.

Lights like a flash with a touch of a match. Burns 80 hours on one filling. Costs only 1c per week. Can be carried if you use a "Swiftlit" Lamp. Think of that!

Safest, most different from any lamp you ever saw or used. Just what you have been looking for. Absolutely no odor, never clogs, never flares, 100 to 300 candle-light power—penetrating soft light. Just the light for reading or sewing, or it will light your whole street front.

No alcohol system or burner washing. Any one can operate it. Simple as a match. Can be carried anywhere. Every lamp guaranteed. Thousands sold and in use. Endorsed by the people of the U. S. We were established in 1895. You can't afford to be without one. If you are to our Agent in your neighborhood, write at once for our special offer on Swiftlit Lamp. Free sample to workers. Write today. Don't delay. Don't put off. Do it now. You will. PEERY MFG. CO., Dept. 16, ST. LOUIS.

$41.00 per Week and Expenses to men with rig to introduce our Poultry Goods, Stock Powders, Lice Killer, etc. Position permanent. Spare time may be used. Reference. Enclose stamp. STANDARD MFG. CO., Dept. 1, Parkersburg, W. Va.

WE PAY $36 A WEEK AND EXPENSES to men with rig to introduce our Poultry Goods, Stock Powders, Lice Killer, etc. Position permanent. Spare time may be used. Reference. Enclose stamp. IMPERIAL MFG. CO., Dept. 1, Parkersburg, W. Va.

AGENTS CREDIT, Perfumes, Flavors, etc. Big Repeat Profits. Exclusive Territory. Valuable Prizes. HERBERT AGENCY CO., Box 282, Station D, New York

$1.00 AN HOUR Introduce Electric Curio, Novelty and Souvenir Postals. Write quick. Big Commission. Universal Novelty Co., Dept. 1, Chicago.

SELL TOBACCO AND CIGARS. Steady or traveling. Full time or spare time. Steady work. Good pay. Promotion. Address, HOUSTON WORKS, Dept. 16, NASHVILLE, TENN.

WANTED Good Man in each county to represent and advertise Hardware Department, put out sample stock. Salary $75 per month and expenses. Dept. 1, Room 7, Columbian House, Chicago.

$15 TO $30 weekly paid man or woman to travel, advertise and leave samples. Free expense allowance. SILVERTOP COMPANY, Dept. H, E. 6, Chicago.

$100 A MONTH and traveling expenses paid man to drive horse, distribute free circulars, tacking cards, etc. Permanent position. Experience unnecessary. Expenses advanced. A. SLADE, BOX 776, MONTREAL, CANADA.

$80 A MONTH Expenses advanced. District managers, also salesmen and women, to travel and leave samples at stores. Address Pharmacy Medicine Co., Dept. 6, 20 Mercer St., CINCINNATI, OHIO.

AUTOMATIC FISH HOOKS Catches two fish to common hook's one. Sells on sight. Fishing tackle, bicycle and sporting goods. Write today for our free offer. Agents wanted. Mayo Specialty Co., Dept. 16, Des Moines, Ia.

$80 A MONTH SALARY And all expenses paid to men with rig to introduce our Guaranteed Poultry and Stock Powders, Lice Killer, etc. Position permanent. Experience unnecessary. Spare time may be used. Reference. Enclose stamp. G. E. MILLER CO., 1439, Springfield, O.

SEAMLESS ROASTER Roasts meat and fowl perfectly, no loss, no smoke, no odor. Sells on sight. Send for our Free Agents Outfit. Dept. 17, Goodwill Novelty Works, Ft. Wayne, Ind.

FREE
THIS AIR RIFLE SENT ALL PREPAID

Shoots shot or BB shot. Write for Catalog. Agents wanted. Send for Catalog. New Eng. Supply Co. Dept. 21 Attleboro, Mass.

WANTED YOUNG MEN

Firemen | Passenger Brakemen | Baggagemen
Electrician | Electric Motorman | Locomotive
Conductor | Railway Mail Clerk | Engineer

Prepare yourself at home. Positions open in every state. Write for free booklet. STANDARD R. R. CORR. INST. Dept. A, INDIANAPOLIS, Ind.

AGENTS WANTED

We want agents to sell our Make-To-Order Suits and Pants. Sells on Sight. Big Profits. Daily pay. We will send Elbert Hubbard's Journal to the right men. If you are interested, write at once for Hubbard's Journal and our Agent's Outfit.
Harrington Woolen & Worsted Mills, Dept. 16, Chicago, Ill.

ENERGETIC MEN WANTED

in every locality throughout the United States to advertise and introduce our goods, tacking signs, distributing circulars, and other work connected with advertising matter. Commission or salary $3 per month and expenses $4 per day. Steady employment. Previous experience unnecessary. Write for particulars. Address
W. M. R. Warner Medicine Co., London, Canada

MEN WANTED in every locality throughout the United States with or without rigs to introduce our goods, tacking up signs, distributing circulars, and other work connected with advertising. Salary $60 a month and expenses $3.00 a day. Steady employment. No objection to boy out of school. Work for one. No experience needed. Write for full particulars. STANDARD MEDICINE CO., Bldg., Toronto, Ontario, Canada.

KUT-TRUE QUICK SHAVE and Safety Razor. Shaves all of three shots, weighs or less than one ounce, fits in vest pocket, no strop, no hone, no grinding, no adjusting, no wear out. Sells on sight. Agents wanted. Write for terms. KUT-TRUE RAZOR CO., 1215 Lawrence Bldg., New York.

MAKE MONEY EASY

Agents wanted in every county to sell the popular Novelty Kid Gloves and Mitts. Sells on sight. Big profits. Send stamp for catalogue. AGENTS EARN $75 to $300 A MONTH. (We show you how.) Big commission to salesmen. Write at once for full particulars concerning special sales agency. Address, for duty agents, Advertising Department, NOVELTY GLOVE CO., 233 BAR STREET, CANTON, O.

AGENTS Need no Money to go into the Picture Business. Everything furnished FREE, including a big expensive Set of Samples, Portraits &c., Frames &c. and all at cost at Lowest Prices. 30 Days Credit to agents. Many poor men turned upon their feet $1,000 to $5,000 a year under our Plan, fully explained in big Catalogue now ready. We start you in the Picture Business with everything needed. Why Not. Big profits and all transactions conducted by mail. Write at once. Special money saving special offer to agents. Do not delay. Advertising Department, CONSOLIDATED PORTRAIT & FRAME CO., 230-238 W. ADAMS ST., CHICAGO.

$8.85 Dresses Any Man

With a Stylish SERGE or ART SUIT Lasting SEVERAL YEARS Extra Pair of TROUSERS Handsome FANCY VEST FREE OR YOUR LIFE INSURED Against Accident. YOU WANT SUCH A SUIT and we want you to have one. Let us explain how. Cut out this ad. and send it to us with name and address and we will send you FREE our Catalog of over 500,000 Samples, measurement blank, tape line and a letter telling you how to order. Send no money, but write today to Associated Fairmont Tailors.

MARKS & LEE CO., Tailors to the Consumer 202-204 Market Street, Dept. 104, CHICAGO, Ills.

$300 Genuine Confederate Money for $1; $100 for 50c. Bound U. S. Record Book, Illustrated. 10c.

GREENBACKS $100 in STAMP MONEY for 10c

SONG "HIT" will make you rich. Send us your name and address and we will tell you how. Publishers, Washington.

KIDNEY DISEASES CURED BY MY NEW SYSTEM. Particulars and Book FREE. Dr. J. F. Shafer, Kidney Specialist, 1 Penn Ave., Pittsburgh, Pa.

THE "RETROSCOPE" latest novelty. Invaluable for without Knife knowledge. Lots of fun. Sent postpaid for 25c. Agents wanted. Catalogue free. Retroscope M'f'g Co., Box 18, Station D, Chicago.

HEAVEN AND HELL, a 450 page book by Swedenborg containing authentic information of conditions in the spiritual world. Sent postpaid for 50c. Swedenborg Publishing Association, 1301 WEBSTER AVE.-CHURCH BUILDING, Chicago.

X-RAY WONDER. Society man 10c Tells if you are spooned on the object of your affections. Sent postpaid. Circular free. Postpaid 10c. Send coin or stamps. Address, Dr. Lee Medical Co., Dept. 10, Chicago.

16 COMIC POST CARDS FREE Pretty girl and comic post card picture, all for 10c, or we will not send you the 16 cards and the picture for 10c. Send us your name and address and we will send you Post Card Holder, Album and 16 Comic Post Cards Free. Address, POST CARD CO., Dept. 21, 218 1st Ave. S., CHICAGO.

THIS KNIFE FREE Send us your name and address and we will send you this knife and our big catalog of Watches, Diamonds, Jewelry, Silverware, Etc., Free. Standard Cut Glass Co., 9295 S. Hershey Ave., Chicago.

ASTHMA CURED BEFORE YOU PAY. I will mail to anyone in any address a bottle of Dr. Lane's Asthma Cure. If it cures send me $1; if not, don't. Give express office. Address: Dr. J. LANE, Dept. E. W., St. Marys, Kas.

UNIFORMS Band, Theatrical, Firemen, Baseball—all kinds. Regalia for Lodges, Societies. Catalogue free. Hodges, etc. Catalogue free—state kind wanted. The Meyer Bros. Co., 562 Main Street, Cincinnati, Ohio.

MORPHINE FREE TRIAL TREATMENT Opium and all drug habits. Painless. Permanent. Home treatment. Book free. Write fully and in confidence. Dr. J. C. Hoffman, 2 Hoffman Building, Baltimore, Md.

McGINTY WATCH

Guaranteed 20 years. Looks like regular watch. Picked lunches and dinners. Can be seen at the time you see pocket watch. Sent by mail, postpaid, for 50c. Large Booklet of Watches, Diamonds, Jewelry and Novelties sent free. Agents wanted everywhere. Address, McGINTY WATCH CO., 38 Dearborn St., Dept. 50, Chicago.

LEARN TELEGRAPHY. R. R. Agency Work and Type-writing. Largest System of Telegraph Schools in America. Endorsed by railroad officials. Operators always in demand. Positions for our graduates. Students can enter any time. MAGILL RAILROAD SCHOOL OF TELEGRAPHY, 1 Chicago Ave., Chicago, Ill.

The MORSE SCHOOL OF TELEGRAPHY CO. 48 United Bank Bldg., CINCINNATI, O.

Cancer Cured. No Knife, No Pain.

Purple Flash cured of cancer given the scientific results of his discovery. Write for free book, "Cancer," which "It is only a question of time"—I want the "No Pain." Dr. Bye, 1 Bye Building, Indianapolis, Ind. Cancer cured by Dr. Bye's painless method. Write for free book, "Cancer." Dr. Bye, 1 Bye Building, Indianapolis, Ind.

MEN WANTED AT ONCE RAILROADS Firemen and Brakemen, $100 to $150 per month. Experience unnecessary. Railroads everywhere are calling for men. Age 18 to 45. Send stamp for particulars. Railway Association, Box 1, Dept. 10, Freeport, Ill.

THE THIRD WOMAN;

OR

The Mysteries of Stanley House.

By MAJOR ALBION F. GRANT, author of "The Deuce of Diamonds," "The Stolen Millions," etc.

[Copyright by W. D. Boyce Co.]

Begun in No. 6, Feb. 9. Subscriptions can begin with that issue, or back copies can be obtained from news stands, or our agents, or by mail from office of publication.

CHAPTER XV.

A FOOL AND HIS FOLLY.

In another instant I was free and both Veda and the giver of the blow were gone.

I reeled from the spot of attack, thinking instantly of the black-handled Indian dagger I had found in the grove at Stanley House. The pain, though sharp and severe, did not deprive me of consciousness and in this crisis every sense was in utmost tension, I rallied and started in pursuit.

But I lost my quarry.

What had become of Veda and the would-be-murderer I did not know, and in a short time I was obliged to give up the chase.

Fortunately the blows had not favored the villain, for upon examination I discovered that I had been merely pricked, nothing more; my clothing had saved my life and, as I drew a breath of relief, I resolved anew to go to the bottom of this strange mystery if it cost me my life.

But I had seen Veda.

Half an hour later I was on the street again and back to the Alhambra.

Ram Bont, the doorman and his pets and I strolled into the wine room in hopes of getting a look at the little black demon.

By appointment, however, we got rewarded, and after a little time spent there I went away.

Suddenly I caught sight of a familiar figure in front of the café with a start I recognized the Indian juggler.

In another second I had become his shadow and followed him down the street. As soon, I did the same, telling the driver to keep the juggler constantly in sight, and he would earn a double fare.

It was a merry race over the stones of London on wheels, as I lay back in the vehicle I formulated my plans.

On, on we went, with breakneck speed and now at little slower and at last I heard the voice of my cabby:

"The hannom has stopped, sir," he said. I looked out.

Sure enough, the other cab had pulled up to the sidewalk in front of a three-story house, and I saw a little man alight.

At last I had run the little rascal down.

I saw Ram Bont enter the house and gave my cabby directions to drive off half a block, where I left the vehicle and turned back.

I hurried to the house and pulled the bell. The door was opened and I looked into the face of a tallish girl who eyed me with some curiosity.

"What is it, sir?"

"I would see Ram Bont, the juggler."

"He is not to be disturbed now."

"But I must see him. It is important."

The maid hesitated and I slipped past her into the hallway.

"Which room is his?" I demanded.

"But I cannot—"

"Yes, I understand what you said. Is he on the second floor?"

"Yes, sir; second room to the right."

I bounded up the steps and found myself in a long corridor out of which I found the second door.

Now I would have it out with this little atom of blackness, the active member, as I doubted not, of the Cobra League.

I rapped at the door and heard a slight movement beyond, as of some one walking in my stocking feet.

"Who's there?" said a voice from within, in fairly good English.

"One who would see Ram Bont," said I. A look clicked and the door opened. In another second I was in the room.

Face to face with Ram Bont, the mystifier, in the house of mystery and quarantine. I stood looking into the cruel depths of his glittering eyes and seeing there astonishment and vengeance.

He had thrown off his outer garments and stood in the middle of the room, his black eyes riveted upon me and his lithe, tigerish little body ready for instant action.

"You!" he said, the first to speak. "I did not send for you, sahib."

"No; I have come."

"So I see, sahib. What is it that you want with Ram Bont in the room?"

"The truth!" cried I. "I want the truth and I shall get it, Ram Chamber of Horrors, or—"

It seemed to me that the black eyes laughed. He shrugged his shoulders with impudence and looked me over from head to foot. What a cunning little devil he was!

"I know you not, sahib, and, since I have not sent for you, I cannot give you audience."

"But you would, you shall!" I exclaimed. "I am Doctor Clarence Darrell, physician to Sir George Stanley—"

"Oh!" laughed the sensual lips of the Hindu. "You are a great man, sahib."

"No compliments, you rascal! You will dispense with them for the present. Let us settle down to business."

"But I have no business with you, sahib."

Irritated beyond endurance and determined to force the Hindu into an interview, I quietly drew my Weston and held it in my hand.

"You will give me audience or die where you stand!" said I with grim determination.

He shuffled a little from me, but not for a single moment did the malignant orbs quit me.

"What is it, sahib?" he asked, as if he had yielded.

The question that was on my lips shot straight at him like an arrow at its mark.

"What has become of Sir George?"

He laughed and drew his hand over his forehead.

"It is strange that you ask me such a question, sahib," said he. "Why should I know?"

"Because you belong to the Cobra League, if you are not actually the head of it. It is because you have secret meetings with Jekins, the maid at Stanley House, because you know that the puff-ball was thrown against the window of my laboratory and the little black god placed mysteriously in my room. It is because you have Veda Garragh in your power. Do you want more reasons?"

"Truly, sahib, you are profuse," and he bowed with more deference.

"It is my determination that makes me so. What have you to say to the indictment?"

He shook his head.

"Nothing!" cried I as I advanced a step, the weapon quivering in my hand. "Nothing, you villain in ambush? Come, this is no comedy. I want the truth."

"And what if Ram Bont declines to give it?"

"Then the management of the Alhambra will have to look elsewhere for another juggler!"

Never will I forget the look that came to the Hindu's eyes. It seemed to fascinate me like the strange eyes of the serpents of which he charmed and, I felt a shudder of weakness creeping over me as I looked into those malignant orbs. "As I falling into his hands! Would I become the victim of some black, hidden plot? Should I never know Doctor Clarence Darrell no more, forever?

These thoughts flitted through my brain, but only for an instant. I was succumbing to the power of Ram Bont.

Suddenly he appeared to glide closer to me, his eyes burning mysteriously and before his dark face. I could not move. Try as I might, I could not shake off the spell that was slowly enveloping me, and all my nerve and breath by breath.

All at once I heard a shot up in his hand. It was a vivid flash of light, a puff of smoke, a sickly fragrance pervaded the room and I seemed to sink to the floor, all strength completely gone.

One more effort I made. It ended in the demoniac laugh of the Hindu and I knew no more.

CHAPTER XVI.

THE COBRA LEAGUE'S FAIR VICTIM.

The last thing I remember seeing was the figure of Ram Bont grown to hideous and grotesque proportions. A moment later my eyes before oblivion came and his gibbering echo seemed to exult their victory over my vitals.

When I came out of that terrible darkness I found myself on a little street which was quite unfamiliar.

For some moments I was lost as though I stood in a vast wood, but by and by I discovered my surroundings and knew that I stood in Harkness Lane, one of the most disreputable of the many such thoroughfares of London.

How I had reached that spot I did not know. It was a mystery as dark as the disappearance of Sir George.

Getting out of London was not difficult. My bones ached and there was a strange, almost overpowering, buzzing in my head.

But after a time I found myself at the depot and hailed another cab.

This time I took a better quarter of the city and I hastened to Detective Price's rooms, but found him out.

What had become of Veda I did not know.

Barred from Stanley House by the manner of Jekins, the maid, I dared not go thither. So I went to the little lodgings I had occupied on my first visit, where I was by just patient and sought the rest I needed.

It was not until the full morning of the next day that I wakened and then I still felt weak and dizzy. I sent for Price to come to keep me company. I wondered why the Cobra League had not taken my life after I had fallen into the power of Ram Bont. Surely, I was not put me out of their way, for the accomplishment of which that I would be a thorn in his side no long ger had power to prevent.

That afternoon I stood on a corner watching idly for the hurrying crowd of humanity that hurried by. I had seen it before, but I had a hope that I would catch sight of a face that would put me to the goal most to be obtained.

Suddenly I started, for there passed me a face I knew so well.

It was the face of Veda Garragh!

In an instant I was in hot pursuit, and though the girl gave me a lively chase, I caught up with her and felt her start as my hand closed on her arm.

"Veda!" she confronted as her face went white the moment I had hands on her.

"I, I, and out of the clutches of the League again," said I with a reassuring smile.

"Don't be seen with me, please, not if you value your life."

"But I will somewhere. I will drop behind. The sharpest eyes shall not know that I am following you."

She smiled faintly at this and hurried on again.

In the course of a few minutes she glided into a certain house and I entered soon after.

Veda was waiting for me in the hall.

"This way," she said with a look upstairs. "It is the only place and you may not be safe even here."

The reader may imagine with what eagerness I followed her up the steps and she

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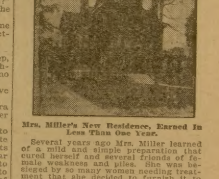

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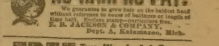
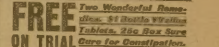
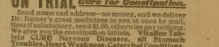
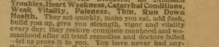
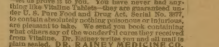
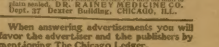


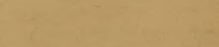












led me into a little room plainly furnished. And locked the door behind her.

"You have escaped the League, you say," she asked, turning up me. "Tell me how."

I did so, narrating my adventure with Sam Bond to which Veda listened with breathless interest.

"You were fortunate," she said at the conclusion of my story. "I do not know why they spared your life. You are doomed under the laws of the Cobra League."

"It really exists, then?"

"Yes."

"And you are in its c[ ]"

She shuddered when [ ] spoke again.

"Yes," said she, [ ]n in the coils of the Cobra League."

"Then," said I, "you know some of its s[ ]

"As many as I am [ ] to know.

"Tell me then of [ ]s is alive or dead."

"He is alive."

"And where?"

In the power of [ ]

"In Stanley Hall [ ]

"Somewhere."

"Tell me if Miss [ ] is in the plot."

"What makes you [ ] her?"

What could I a[ ]

I made suspicions, a[ ] felt ashamed wi[ ] I narrated them.

[ ]

[ ]

[ ]

Sir George [ ]

paused and [ ] her hands across her face seemed to [ ] away.

"They sent you to [ ] decoy letter for a purpose. You came into my be[ ] on the pain of death?"

"Come. Don't question me too far!" cried the Third Woman. "I can not tell you all. I fell into the hands of the Cobra League a long time ago. You know nothing about its ramifications. You can not know since you have not been to India. I am [ ]ner of the secret temple [ ]

"It was not for the secret," I said. "Don't tell me anything that I should not know. But let me arrest Sir George Stanley from the grip of the terrible order of ——"

"Which you cannot do. His doom is decreed. The poison of the cobra is in his veins."

"Who put it there?"

Again her face went as white as ashes and she seemed to catch her breath like one in the hands of a strangler.

"I was trying, as you may know, to find the antidote through the cobra itself," I went on. "But you were between me and the reptile. You killed the hooded snake—"

"God help me! I killed it."

"But why? Why?"

"I dare not tell you," and she waved me off. "Let that be my secret for the love of Heaven."

"It shall be your secret, Veda," said I. "You shall have that much from my hands. But the fate of Sir George [ ]nce. He was, and if he [ ]

Veda Garragh went to the window, quietly drew the curtains slightly aside, looked down into the street.

"I suspect," she cried, coming back to me, "I have been followed. The spy is down there!"

I would have flown to the window and looked for myself, but the girl clutched my arm and pulled me back.

"No! not You must go. I can die but once and, knowing my broken my terrible oath, I must submit to the punishment."

Her lips came together with emphasis and I looked for my revolver to take her in my arms and tell her that so long as I lived she would be one friend between her and the vengeance of the Cobra League.

"You must go, but not here!" she looked excitedly around. "I would save you from the grip of the League and, as for myself, let the foolish woman take her fate as she has deserved it."

"It shall not be!"

She started back from the imploring arms I put out, and reeled across the room.

"You must go! There is a back stairway!" she cried. "You must go and at once. I will not be the means of bringing any more poor thing that is like a moth in the flame of this terrible death."

She grasped my wrist. Her hand was as cold as ice. She dragged me across the room, opened the door and pointed to a back stairway that was visible in the [ ]

"Quick! Quick!" she cried at my ear. "I can meet the League. If you think anything of me you will go!"

I was pushed half-way down the flight and when I paused and looked back the face of the woman I loved had vanished.

CHAPTER XVII.

WHAT DETECTIVE PRICE SAW.

That Veda Garragh was in the power of the Cobra League in some mysterious manner I had suspected for some time, and when she confessed as much and sent me from her presence, saying that she was as the moth in the flame of death and that if I valued life I would flee, I felt the terrible truth.

It was useless for me to conjecture how she had fallen into the hands of this strange order, therefore I did not try, hoping that the future I would hear the truth from her lips.

The next day I spent in attempts to find Detective Price and at last I was successful.

Towards evening I found the detective in his room, and my eager countenance told him what I wanted to know.

Price was a cool headed individual, who never let any one into his secrets and I knew it would be useless to attempt to enter the forbidden door until he had opened it.

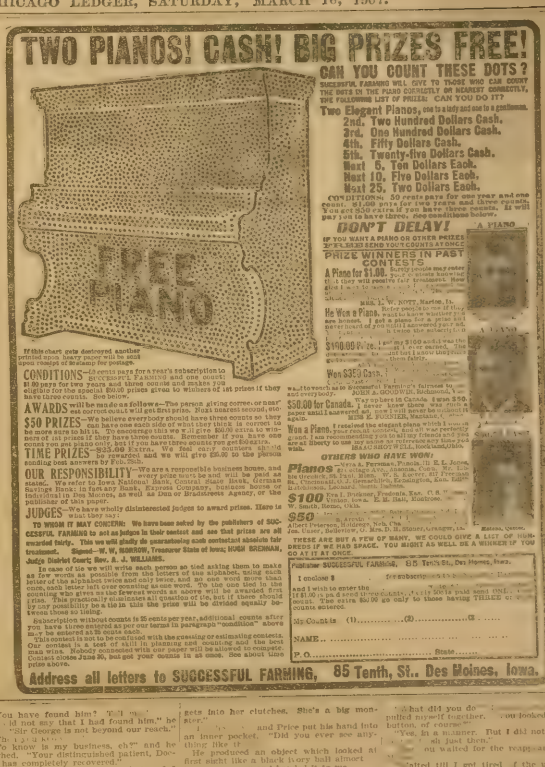
After some little time of irritating silence he quietly lit his pipe and leaned back in his chair.

"Well, my dear boy," said he, "and have you found Sir George ——"

I told him I had not.

"You have done a little better."

I started and uttered a little cry.



"You have found him? Tell me!"

"I did not say that I had found him," he said. "Sir George is not beyond our reach."

"Oh! I [illegible]

"To know is my business, eh?" and he laughed. "Your distinguished patient, Doctor, has completely baffled me."

In an instant I was on my feet and I must have looked like a madman for Price threw up his hands as if to ward me off.

"What is the matter, man?" he continued. "It's a quaint old place and I don't wonder that old Sir George felt like shutting himself in its walls. It was built by his great-grandfather and in its time has housed a good many celebrated people.

All this was not interesting to me. What I cared for was the old house in Waterloo Road? What I wanted to know was the whereabouts of [illegible] [illegible] "is quite able to [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]

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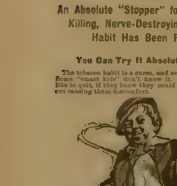

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CHAPTER III.

ROY PROTECTS MAY MULLEN.

Crack! Crack! Crack!

The three fired perhaps half a dozen shots, and then the robbers opened fire, and the bullets came whistling along and thudded into the end of the car.

"Sit down," said the messenger; "you won't be in such danger of being hit."

The three dropped to a sitting posture, and kept on firing as rapidly as they could pull trigger.

Then there came the rattle of pistol-shots from the outside of the car, followed by wild yells, and the train-robbers ceased trying to enter the car and leaped to the ground and dashed away into the night, leaving three of their number behind, two dead and one seriously wounded.

The passengers had mustered up courage, and a number had made an attack on the robbers at just the right moment, putting them to flight.

The two dead, and the one wounded robber were carried into the express car, and then the conductor gave the order, and the engineer pulled out.

On dashed the train, as swiftly as the winding, twisting nature of the road would permit, and Roy and Joe assisted the express messenger to get things righted in the car, and to make a barricade, closing up the doorway.

Neither of the three had been hit by the train-robbers' bullets, fortunately, and they were in very good spirits, for it was their spirited defense that had caused the defeat of the robbers, and that had saved many thousands of dollars to the express company.

"I am much obliged to you boys," said McGowen; "but for you, I should have been unable to stand the villains off."

"You are welcome to all that we did," said Roy.

"Sure you are, Mack!" from Joe.

"Well, I am going to let the company know about you boys, and if you don't get something in token of its appreciation, then I shall be greatly fooled.

"Oh, that's all right, Mack," said Joe. Don't say a word to the company about us. It was you we were helping, not the company."

"That's it," nodded Roy. "We know and like you, and we came to your assistance on that account."

"That's all right," with a smile; "but you helped to save thousands of dollars to the express company, and they ought to know that, and they ought to show some appreciation of it, too, by giving you some token."

"Your thanks is all we care for," said Roy.

"Sure, Mack," said Joe.

McGowen laughed, but said no more about the company; he was determined, however, to tell the officers all about the two boys and what a brave fight they had made, in assisting him to mind the robbers off.

"And the company'll do something handsome by them, I'm certain," was the way he thought.

They were not long in reaching Canon City, and here Roy bade good-bye to Joe, McGowen and the conductor and got off, the train going thundering toward the west a few moments later, leaving him standing there on the platform, a stranger in a strange land, so to s...

"Hack, sir?" said a voice beside him, and Roy saw the runner of a hotel standing beside him.

"Uh, yes... to the hotel, sir," said the boy, as he took your grip, or..."

"Yes," and Roy did not care to ... and was ... the ... at hotel to the ...

He registered and was assigned to a room. He went to his room and made his toilet, and then came down and ate his supper, and then he went out to take a walk, to see the town.

He walked onward till he was out of the main part of the town, and was walking through the outskirts, where there was only an occasional house.

Suddenly Roy heard a shrill scream, in a girlish voice, followed by cry of, "Don't! Oh, don't strike me any more! Please, please don't!"

Then came a voice hoarse with rage, but evidently the voice of a woman:

"Strike, ye, is it? I'll beat the life out uv ye, ye lazy hussy! Ye don't earn yer salt! Ye're a good-fur-nothin', no-count, lazybones, an' I want ye to git outer my house an' git out in yer grub, d'ye hear?"

This was followed by a distinct series of thuds, and another scream in the girlish voice.

The voices proceeded from a little cottage, or cabin, more properly speaking, standing about fifty yards from the path Roy had been traversing. A light shone through the window, showing a path leading up to the front of the cabin.

Roy did not hesitate.

He realized that a girl was being beaten by a woman, and there was something in the note of anguish in the girl's voice that appealed to him, and he ran toward the cabin as fast as he could go.

Just as he reached the cabin, the door was opened, and a great, big son of a woman, red-faced and with tousled hair, stood there. She was clutching the arm of a girl of perhaps seventeen years, with one hand, while in the other was a heavy stick—evidently the one she had been beating the girl with.

Even though there were tears in the girl's eyes and her face was somewhat contorted with pain, Roy could see that she was pretty, and rather delicate-looking. She was no more like the coarse woman who had hold of her than a gazelle is like a rhinoceros.

The woman caught sight of Roy, who stood directly in the light that streamed through the open door, and only five or six feet from the door, and she stared at him wonderingly.

"Who are ye, an' what air ye doin' heer?" she cried, belligerently.

The girl gave a little gasp, indicative of pleasure and relief, but she said nothing, simply looked at Roy, and there was a pleading expression in her eyes.

"My name is Roy Wells, ma'am," replied Roy, quietly. "And I'm a stranger in the town. I just got in, on the train, this evening, and was out taking an after-supper walk, when I heard screams and loud voices, and thought I would investigate."

"Humph! Wal, ye hed better be gittin' erway frum heer, young man. Thar hain't nothin' that needs investergatin', that I know uv, aroun' heer. This gal wun easy ter me an' I wus givin' her a whalin', ther wuz a reason fer it, an' it ain't no affair uv yer'n's be'n livin' offen me fur years, an'——"

"I've been living off you for years, an'——" in the girl. "I've worked hard, sir, and——"

"Shet yer head!" cried the virago, giving the girl a shake. "Git out uv heer, ye disputin' ivy word, or I'll lam ye till ye kain't stand, an' what she thought of you stick monsterighty.

Roy was very angry now. He thought of his sister Katie having to be in such a position, and his blood fairly boiled.

"You shouldn't strike her again!" he cried. "You ought to be given a taste of it yourself. Are you ashamed to strike a girl with such a club as that?"

"No I'm not!" hissed the woman; "an' what's it ter you, I'll beat ye with it, ye sassy young skoundrel!" and she let go of the girl's arm and advanced a step, and held the stick up in a threatening manner, while she glared at Roy, fiercely.

But the youth was not to be so easily frightened. He had seen scores of just such women as this one over on the East Side, in New York City; the type was familiar, and he was not all alarmed. What he surprised him, was to find such a woman here in this little town in Colorado. He would have been willing to wager that his woman had at one time resided on New York's East Side.

"That will do," said Roy, quietly, but firmly. "You don't try to strike me, ma'am, for you can't do it. I've seen hundreds like you, on the East Side, in New York, and——"

He paused, struck by the sudden terror that came over the woman's face. She dropped the club, and her under jaw fell, and her eyes seemed about to pop out of her head, as she glared at the youth.

"W-what d-did ye s-say?" she stammered, "W-who says I'm f-from the E-East Side, h-h-h-? Who says that I was ever in New York, tell me that, young man?"

"I say it," quietly. "You have lived in New York, and on the East Side. I knew it the moment I laid eyes on you. This was bluff, but the woman had already practically told him that she was from New York, and that there was something about it that caused her alarm, and so he did not feel that he was taking a long shot by any means.

"Who air ye, eunyway?" the woman stammered

I told you. My name is Roy Wells, and I'm from New York."

"W-what air ye d-doin' out heer?"

Nothing in particular, just now, save to champion a girl in distress. Now, who are you? And who is this girl?"

The woman turned pale...and glared at Roy with a look of fear in her eyes.

"What's ye Mist Mullen, an' this gal is May Mullen, an'——"

"Don't tell me that," interrupted Roy. "She's no kin to you whatever. Anyone can see that with half an eye. What is her name?"

"That's all ther name she has, so far's I know."

"She's no kin to you," reiterated Roy. "Where did you have her, and how long have you had her with you?"

"She was on my doorstep one morning, fifteen years ergo, an' I was er-goin' ter gal'up two years at ther time. Mas—ther wuz my husban'—wuz alive at ther time, an' he sez, sez he, 'We'll dopt 'er, Mag', an' we done et, an' I've raised 'er, Mar hevin' be'n dead fur ten——"

"Where were you living at the time she was found on your doorstep?" asked Roy.

The woman hesitated, and then said.

"In Chi——"

"I don't believe you," said Roy.

"Ye don't?"

"No; you were living in New York at that time, and——"

"Did ye'erlong erway from heer!" screamed the woman, shaking her fists at Roy. "Git erway, an' take thet hussy with ye! Ye kin heer 'er! I don't want no longer. Fur she don' bring me in no munny, an' she don' git me no help, an' I kain't keep 'er! Git out, both uv ye!"

Roy looked at the girl, and she gazed back at Roy. There was an eager, beseeching look in the beautiful violet eyes of the girl, and somehow, Roy was greatly taken with her. He wanted to help her, to do something for her. But, what could he do? Here he was, two thousand miles from home, without friends, himself, and with very little money in his pocket. What could he do?

He wished that he might get her to New

"Missed," exclaimed Roy in disgust.

York, for he was sure that his mother and sister would be glad to give the girl a home; but how could he get here there? He could not. That was out of the question. Then, what could he do?

He was debating this question, swiftly, when the woman broke in again:

"Didn' ye hear? I tell ye ter take ther gal an' go! Ye've come heer, a-pokin' yer nose in what ye hain't got no blamess, an' now thet ye hev done thet, ye kin take ther consequences. The gal hes got ter go, an' ye kin jest take 'er erlong with ye, d'ye hear!"

"Do you want to go, Miss?" asked Roy.

"She's got ter go, I tell ye!" hissed the woman. "She's er good-fur-nothin', an' lazy——"

"That'll do!" cried Roy, sharply. "What did you say, Mrs?"

The girl had started to speak, but the woman had drowned out her voice, and now she said:

"Yes, sir, I want to go away from here. I don't want to stay, for she beats me, and treats me with great cruelty, all the time."

"Come, your things, then, Miss, and come along with me."

"Yes, git yer duds an' git out, May Mullen!" cried the woman, who seemed glad to think that the girl was to go.

"Very well; I won't be long," said the girl, and she went into a back-room, only to reappear a few minutes later, carrying a small bundle.

"I'll take it," said Roy, and he took the bundle from her hands.

The girl stepped out and took her place beside Roy, the light of confidence in him shining in her eyes.

Slam! went the door, shut behind them, and there were left together in the darkness, the woman drawing down the blind and shutting out the light from the window.

"Take my arm, Miss," said Roy.

The girl did so, at the same time saying: "Please call me May, won't you, Mr.——"

"If you call me Roy."

"Very well—Roy."

Roy thought the girl's voice the sweetest that he had ever heard. It thrilled him through and through.

Roy felt his responsibility. Here was a girl, depending on him, with confidence; and he thought of his sister Katie, and decided that he would stand by May to the last and do for her as he would want any one to do for Katie, if she were situated as this girl was.

"Do you want to try to get work here in Canon City?" asked Roy, as they walked slowly along.

"No, Roy," was the reply. "If I could only get to Cripple Creek, I would be all right, for the only friends I have in the world, other than you, live there. Their name is Gates, and they used to live here in Canon City. Harriet Gates is about my age, and we were great friends. They would give me a home till I could get work."

"Good!" exclaimed Roy. "That solves the problem nicely. I am going to Cripple Creek tomorrow, and will take you with me, to the home of the Gates'. That will be fine, May!"

CHAPTER IV.
IN CRIPPLE CREEK.

"But," said May, hesitatingly, "I don't know where I am to spend the night. I have no friend here in Canon City now."

"You will stay at the hotel tonight, May. I'll see the proprietor and explain matters to him, and his wife will take care of you till morning. I feel safe."

"I don't know how I shall ever repay you for what you have done and are doing for me, Roy," said May earnestly.

"Oh, I'll get right, May. I have a sister just about your age, and I am doing what I would want any fellow to do for her, if she were in your place and some one else in mine."

"You're a sister? How I wish that I might know her!"

"You may some time, May."

"What is her name?"

"Katie."

"And—she lives in New York?"

"Yes."

"You know, I heard you talking to Meg about New York, and I guessed that you were from that city," explained the girl.

"Yes; I have just come from there. I have come out here to make my fortune."

"Oh, I hope that you may succeed, Roy!"

"I shall do my best, May."

"Lots of people get rich in this country nothing, but a great many more do not make more than a living."

"So I suppose."

"Yes; Mr. Gates is engaged in mining up at Cripple Creek. That's the reason they live there. I guess he is doing very well."

"Perhaps I may get work with him."

"Oh, I wish that you might! I'll do all I can to get him to give you work!"

"Thank you, May."

They were at the hotel now and they entered, and it happened that there was no one in the office save the proprietor, who looked somewhat surprised. Roy gave May a seat and then went to the proprietor and explained matters to him, and asked if his wife would take care of the girl till morning.

"Sure! Of course she will!" said the landlord, who seemed to be a good-hearted man. "Come with me, miss, and I'll turn you over to my wife."

"Thank you, sir," said Roy gratefully.

May rose and followed the landlord, but first gave Roy a smile and said "good-night" in a sweet voice that thrilled the youth.

"Good-night, May," he replied.

The landlord was back in a few minutes, and said that his wife was glad to take charge of the girl.

Then Roy told him the whole story, and the landlord listened with interest, nodding his head occasionally.

"I know Meg Mullen," he said. "And I've been this girl several times. I don't have much use for Meg, but the girl seems to be a fine little woman."

"There is some mystery about her being with this Meg Mullen, I am sure," said Roy. "Do you think so?"

"Yes; I am more than half inclined to believe that somebody paid the woman to keep the girl."

The man shook his head.

"Possibly," he said. "Still she may have told the truth about the child having been found on their doorstep."

"It is possible, of course," agreed Roy: "but somehow I don't believe it."

"She's a pretty girl," with a somewhat quizzical glance at Roy.

The youth flushed slightly.

"Yes, so she is," he agreed, "too pretty and too delicate to live with such a woman as this Meg Mullen."

"Yes, they are not the same kind, by any means."

Roy went to bed presently and was up bright and early and ate breakfast in the dining room with about a dozen patrons of the hotel.

Then he asked to see May, and was shown into the private rooms of the landlord and his wife.

May was looking bright and pretty, and gave Roy a cordial greeting.

The landlady was a neat, good looking, good hearted woman, and she seemed to be favorably impressed with Roy.

"I have been trying to prevail on May to stay with me, as we could give her a good home here," she said, "but she seems to think that she would rather go to Cripple Creek and join her friends there."

"I would rather not stay here in the same town with Meg Mullen," said May. "I shall feel better a mile away."

"I should think so," agreed Roy. "Well, the train goes at nine. I suppose you will be ready?"

"Oh, yes; I'm ready now," with a smile. "I haven't any trunk to pack, you know."

Roy laughed.

"No more have I," he said. "I am traveling light, too."

At a quarter to nine Roy and May shook hands with the landlord and his wife and walked to the station, and Roy bought two tickets to Cripple Creek.

When the train came in, they boarded it and found seats, and a few moments later they were moving slowly out of Canon City.

It was only about thirty miles to Cripple Creek, but the roadbed was not very good and the track turned and twisted to such an extent that the train could not make very good speed, and it took at least two hours to accomplish the journey.

It was ended at last, however, and Roy and May alighted at the station in Cripple Creek, the mining metropolis of that part of the country.

There was much bustle and confusion, and the one long, crooked street was thronged with people of almost all nationalities, for the mining town was just then at the height of its boom.

Saloons, dance houses and rude stores were everywhere, and there was much loud talk and boisterousness on the part of many of the men, doubtless caused by a too great indulgence in liquor.

May was somewhat alarmed, and kept as close to Roy as possible. He saw this, and reassured her.

"They are rough looking and they talk loudly and laugh boisterously," he said, "but the majority of them are good-hearted, and you need have no fears, May."

The girl was reassured somewhat, but it was evident that she would be glad when they were off the main street. She did not know where the Gates home was, of course, and so Roy suggested that they step into a grocery store and make inquiries.

This was done, and the storekeeper directed them how to go. The Gates were customers of his, and he knew where they lived.

They thanked the man, and went out

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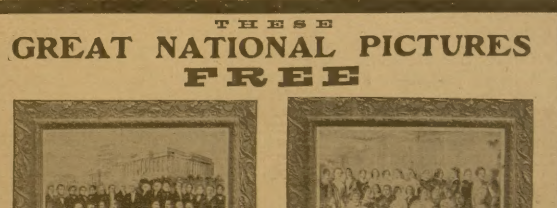

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and made their way in the direction indicated.

The Gates home was far up the gulch, beyond the end of the business part of the street, but the two reached there in about twenty minutes, and Roy knocked and then stepped aside.

The door was opened by a very pretty girl of about seventeen years, who, the instant her eyes fell on Roy's companion, threw up her hands in wonder and amazement, and cried delightedly:

"Well, May! you dear, dear girl, where in the world did you come from?"

CHAPTER V.

IN A MINING CAMP.

"From Canon City, Harriet," was the reply. And then the two were in each other's arms, kissing and hugging.

"This is Mr. Roy Wells, Harriet," then said May. "Roy, this is Mrs. Harriet Gates."

Roy lifted his hat and bowed.

"I am glad to make your acquaintance, Miss Gates," he said politely.

"And I am pleased to know any friend of May's," was the reply.

Then she invited them to enter and they did so.

They had been in the sitting room only a few minutes, when a good looking woman of middle age entered, and as she had kissed May and welcomed her, she was introduced to Roy as Mrs. Harriet Gates's mother.

"How happens it that you are up here, May?" she inquired. "How did you manage to get away from Miss. Mullen?"

"I'll tell you how I got good and all, Mrs. Gates," was the reply.

"Have you, indeed, Harriet?"

"Oh, I am so glad!" murmured Harriet.

"She has been beating me cruelly for a few months past, and when I found I made up my mind that I would not stay." Then she told of the circumstances that led to her coming to Cripple Creek in company with Roy.

"I'm glad that you have come here, May," said Mrs. Gates. "You shall make this your house as long as you like."

"Yes, yes!" from Harriet. "We'll be sisters."

"That will please me," smiled May, "but I'm afraid that I shall be imposing on your good nature."

"Not at all!"

"Oh, no!"

They talked on a few minutes, and then May said:

"Mr. Gates is running a mine here, isn't he?"

"Not here," said Mrs. Gates.

"His mine is up in the mountains about eight miles at a little camp called Richton."

"I thought his mine was here in Cripple Creek."

"No."

"Well, that doesn't matter particularly; what I was getting at is this: I wanted to ask if you thought Mr. Gates would have work for Roy to do?"

"Why, yes, I hope he will," said Mrs. Gates. "He is using quite a number of men all the time."

"That I am not an experienced miner," said Roy. "In fact, I have never been inside a mine."

"Oh, well, you could soon learn what is required," said Mrs. Gates.

"Yes, I suppose so."

"Roy says he has come out here from New York to make his fortune," said May.

"Then I wouldn't advise you to go to work in a mine," said Harriet. "I have never seen a fortune that way. Of course, you could get good wages, but the expense of living is considerable, and you would be much better off than you would have been back in New York."

"That's just about what I thought," said Roy. "The way to make a fortune is to make a discovery."

"Yes," nodded Harriet; "and you can only make a strike that way. That's the way Mr. Stratton, who discovered the rich ore here at Cripple Creek did, and that's the way father did out in Richton."

"And it's the way I'm going to do," declared Roy.

"Oh, hope that you may strike it rich, Roy!" said May.

"I hope so, too," with a smile.

"Of course, you might work in father's mine a while," said Harriet. "That way you could learn something about ores and about mining, and that would no doubt help you when prospecting."

"I'll go up to Richton tomorrow," said Roy. "And then I'll see what I can do."

He was invited to stay at the Gates home till tomorrow, and he went with them.

That evening Mr. Gates appeared at his home unexpectedly and was given a joyous welcome by his wife and daughter. He was surprised to find May there, but welcomed her heartily. He seemed to be favorably impressed by Roy, too, and told the youth that he might return with him on the morrow to Richton.

"And if you want to try your hand at mining you can do so," he said. "For you will never get rich that way. I would advise you to go prospecting right away. There are not uncustomed to hard muscular labor, anyway, and it would be very hard on you and might ruin your health. Better leave the mining out."

"But I have not very little money, Mr. Gates," said Roy. "I will have to work for awhile at least, I guess. And when I get a stake I'll go to prospecting."

"Get a Winchester and some ammunition and hunt game as well as gold," advised Mrs. Gates. "There is plenty of game in the mountains, and you can make a living furnishing the miners with fresh meat, and at the same time you will have a chance to make a strike."

"That would suit me," said Roy, "but I am a green hand at hunting, and I'm afraid that I would never be able to make a living that way."

"Oh, you'll soon learn. You can kill a deer once in a while, I am certain."

"Perhaps so. Well, I'll take your advice, anyway, and will buy a rifle and some ammunition in the morning."

"We'll go down town after supper and buy what you will need," said Mr. Gates. "I will want to start early in the morning."

After supper was over they made their way down town and into a hardware store and bought a Winchester rifle and a lot of cartridges.

Then they went back to the house and spent the evening there. Roy enjoyed himself, for he had been a great lisking to May, and was happy in her company.

After he had been shown to his room Roy wrote a letter to his mother, explaining where he was, where he was going and what he expected to do. He wound up with the statement:

"I'm going to stick to it here till I make a 'strike.' Others have made strikes and gotten rich, and I don't see why I shouldn't do the same. I am well, and I believe it is going to agree with me out here so don't worry about me."

They were at breakfast next morning before sunrise and an hour later Mr. Gates and Roy were ready to be off on their trip up the mountains to Richton.

Mr. Gates had come down to his home to get some stores that were there, and these had been packed on the backs of a couple of burros.

When all was ready they set out, after bidding good-bye to Mrs. Gates and Harriet and May.

"Good-bye, Roy, and good luck to you," called out May, waving her hand and kissing Roy a bright smile.

"Good-bye, May, and thank you," replied Roy.

Mr. Gates led one burro and Roy led the other. The drive was quick, but the way was rough, and one could not have made very great speed, even without the burros.

Up and still up toiled the two, the burros close at their heels.

It was nearly noon when they reached Richton, which proved to be a very small mining camp, consisting of perhaps a dozen rude shanties, located on a little plateau, not far from a huge cliff, in the face of which was Mr. Gates' mine. The men who lived in the shanties worked in this mine.

There was one store, two saloons and a gambling house.

Mr. Gates occupied the smallest cabin in the camp, alone, but he told Roy that he might stay there also.

"I shall be glad of your company," he said.

"But I shall not be here much of the time," said Roy.

"I suppose not, but when you are here you must consider that my cabin is your home."

"Very well, Mr. Gates, and thank you."

"What ye goin' for do with ther kid, Bill?" asked an old miner of Mr. Gates, indicating Roy, and grinning.

"He's going to hunt and prospect, Jim," was the reply. "He isn't strong enough to work in the mine. He's a friend of mine from the East."

"So ye're from ther East, hey?" the old miner called "Jim" asked.

"Yes, sir," replied Roy.

"What place, kid?"

"New York."

"Ye don't say!"

"Yes."

"Big place, New York, eh?"

"Yes, it's a little bit bigger than this place," with a smile.

"I'll be gosh, kid—so I s'pose," with a chuckle. "Yas, I guess it is, but when ye git used to ther quiet and ther fresh air, foot fur foot an' yard fur yard, ther groun' aroun' in these here parts is worth eg much more than New York."

"Perhaps so, sir."

"I see hain't got no sky-scraper buildin's like ye hev in New York, but we've got ther mount'in peaks what air higher."

"True, sir."

"An' we've got elevatures, too—some that'll beat them wot ye hev in ther sky-scraper buildin's in New York."

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Dr. Pierce's world-famed medicines are put out under the belief that publicity is the best possible guaranty of merit, and that the most intelligent people generally want to know what they take into their stomachs, whether it be as food, drink or medicine. Although it was a bold step to take, and quite out of the usual practice of makers of proprietary medicines, yet Dr. Pierce, some time ago, decided to publish broadcast and on all his bottle-wrappers all the ingredients entering into the composition of each make-up, of his celebrated family medicines. A square deal is therefore assured every one using his medicines, for one knows exactly what he or she is paying for when purchasing them, since every ingredient is published *in plain English* on the bottle-wrappers *and the correctness of the same attested under solemn oath.* These several ingredients are selected from among the very best known to medical science for the cure of the various diseases for which these medicines are recommended.

The most eminent and leading medical teachers and writers of all the several schools of practice have endorsed each of the ingredients entering into Dr. Pierce's medicines as the strongest and best possible. The makers of Dr. Pierce's medicines believe that intelligent people do like to know what they are taking, as a lot of young birds and gulp down whatever is presented to them, either in the way of liquor or medicine, and without knowing something of the properties and harmless character of the agents employed. Recognizing that health is too sacred a heritage to be experimented with, and that *people themselves are the proper judges of the composition of which they are host to imbibe,* Dr. Pierce's medicines are made wholly from the roots of plants found growing in the depths of our American forests. They are so compounded that *they cannot do harm in any case, even to the most delicate woman or child.* By open publication Dr. Pierce has taken his medicines out of the list of secret nostrums, which, north, south, east and west, them. REMEDIES OF KNOWN COMPOSITION. They are therefore, in a class all by themselves, being absolutely and in every sense *non-secret.*

By this bold step Dr. Pierce has shown that his full confidence of such medicines and that he is not afraid to subject them to the fullest scrutiny.

There is a basis of *honesty* on every bottle of Dr. Pierce's medicines in the full list of its ingredients duly attested as correct under solemn oath.

No other medicines put up for general use through druggists can make claim to any such declaration, and none other than Dr. Pierce's medicines have any such proof or endorsement of their ingredients. Such *professional* endorsement should have *far* more weight with the afflicted than any amount of lay, or non-professional, endorsement, or testimonials.

Of course, the exact proportion of each ingredient used in Dr. Pierce's medicines as well as the working formula or manner of preparing the same, and the specially devised apparatus and appliances employed in their manufacture, are withheld from publicity that Dr. Pierce's proprietary rights may be fully protected from such unprincipled imitators as might be practically inclined.

The preparation of these medicines without the use of a drop of alcohol, so generally employed and yet so harmful, in the long run, to most invalids when it is not entirely contraindicated, even in small doses, cost Dr. Pierce several years of time and labor, and the services of a staff of skilled pharmacists and chemists to assist him. Naturally, he does not care to give away his scientific and exact processes for preparing these medicines, but he does want to deal in the most open manner with all his patrons and patients, and under this frank, open and honest way of dealing they well know exactly what they are taking when using his medicines.

What Do They Cure? This question is often asked concerning Dr. Pierce's two leading medicines, "Golden Medical Discovery" and "Favorite Prescription."

The answer is that "Golden Medical Discovery" is a most potent alterative or blood-purifier, and tonic or invigorator and acts especially favorably in a curative way in all those forms of acute or chronic, constitutional or blood-taint, and the mucous lining surfaces as of the nasal passages, throat, bronchial tubes, stomach, bowels and bladder, curing a larger per cent. of catarrhal cases whether the disease affect the nasal passages, the throat, larynx, bronchia, stomach (as catarrhal dyspepsia), bowels (as mucous colitis) or the pelvic organs of other pelvic organs. Even in the chronic or ulcerative stages of these affections, it is often successful in curing cures.

The "Favorite Prescription" is advised for the cure of one class of diseases only "those peculiar weaknesses, derangements and irregularities incident to women. It is a powerful yet gentle acting invigorating tonic and strengthening nervine. For weak, worn, run-down, over-worked, "tired-out" or what has caused the break-down, "Favorite Prescription" will be found most effective in building up the strength, regulating the womanly functions, subduing pain and bringing about a healthy, vigorous condition of the whole system.

Women suffering from diseases of long standing, are invited to consult Doctor Pierce by letter, *free.* All correspondence is held as strictly private and sacredly confidential. Address Dr. R. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y.

Dr. Pierce's Medical Adviser (1000 pages) is sent *free* on receipt of 21 one-cent stamps for paper-covered, or 31 stamps for cloth-bound copy. Address as above.

"Is that so? Where are they?" remarked Roy, looking puzzled.

"Thar," pointing with the stem of his old cob pipe to some packages that had been taken off the backs of the burros. "Them's sticks uv dynamite, son, an' ef ye wus ter be a-settin on one uv them piles an' et wus ter go off suddint-like ye'd be elevated higher an' quicker nur what ye would ef ye wus in one uv them elervators in New York."

Roy laughed.

"I judge that you are right, sir," he agreed.

"Yell take my word fur et, will ye?"

"Yes, I don't care to try the experiment to see if you have told the truth."

"I s'pose not—ha, ha, ha! Wal, son, I hope ye'll like et out here an' make a big strike, so's ye kin go back ter New York an' buy two or three uv them sky-scrapers."

"Thank you, sir; I hope so, too."

This capital story of boyhood luck and adventure will be continued in the Ledger issue of next week. It will be to your pleasure and profit to follow its characters to the dramatic and remarkable close. Would you like our fine President Portraits without cost, or six of our fine spring patterns entirely free? Then subscribe for the Ledger and they will be sent to you. Read our premium announcements on pages thirteen and fifteen.

Arts of the Bombmaker.

So expert are bombmakers nowadays that an apparently harmless letter may kill any person who tries to open it. A piece of cardboard is cut to a size which, when folded over, will fit into an ordinary envelope. The four corners of this are slit into narrow strips. Fulminate of mercury is spread over three of the slits and the sheet is folded and fastened together. Projecting from each side of the folded sheet is a little metal strip, or detonator glued to the cardboard in such a manner that the envelope cannot be opened without striking one of them. Upon meeting this slight resistance the hand moving the paper knife inadvertently pushes harder, and the result is an explosion that would kill or maim.

The easiest bomb to construct is set in operation by simply turning it upside down. It is usually a good-sized cracker box, lined with paper and half-filled with a mixture of chlorate of potassium and ordinary sugar. Into this a bottle of a powerful acid is introduced. The remainder of the space in the box is filled with scraps of metal. Then the lid is soldered on.

All that is then necessary is to place the box upside down at the spot in which it is to explode. The acid eats quickly through the cork of the bottle, and comes in contact with the chlorate of potassium. As a result of the chemical combination which takes place there is a terrific explosion.

She Wanted to Know.

"George, dear, what sort of a band wagon is it that the papers mention so often? Has it anything to do with the water wagon that you said Charlie Goldilloy was on?"

"Well, no, my love, they are too far apart to be connected. After the band wagon passes by the water wagon comes along and picks up the stragglers."

Not on Ez Street.

Young Flintick's got a shingle out
Proclaiming him M D;
But from A M to late P M
His office is M T

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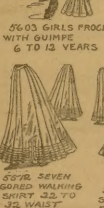
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YOUTHFUL EYES

TO SHADOWTOWN.

BY EUGENE FIELD.

Sway to and fro in the twilight gray,
This is the ferry for Shadowtown,
It sails away at the end of the day,
Just as the darkness closes round.

Rest, little hand, on my shoulder—so;
A sleepy kiss is the only fare,
Drifting away from the world we go,
Baby and I in the rocking chair.

See, where the firelogs glow and spark,
Glitter the lights of Shadowland.
The oozing drops on the window—hark
Are ripples lapping upon its strand.

There where the mirror is glancing dim,
A lake lies shimmering, cool and still;
Blossoms are wavering o'er its brim—
Those over there on the window sill.

Rock slow, more slow, in the dusky light.
Silently lower the anchor down.
Dear little passenger, say "Good-night,"
We've reached the harbor of Shadowtown.

Fishing For Birds.

Fred Archer was not a cruel boy, but like many others he was apt to regard birds and animals as legitimate prey, and rarely paused to consider the amount of suffering his amusement might mean to them.

His father was skipper and half owner of one of those quaint fishing boats that pass most of their time off the banks and along the shoals of the New England and Newfoundland coasts, only going into port at rare intervals to discharge cargo and refit with supplies for another voyage.

Fred was only 10, but he was strong and daring for his age, and nothing

"Why, Ella, what's happened to poor Ami?"

"O, I told the washerwoman yesterday to wash him, and the simpleton starched him."

pleased him better than to accompany his father on these trips. Sometimes they saw huge lobsters in the distance; and often their vessel, the Flying Scud, bounded merrily through great schools of porpoises, causing the strange looking creatures to paddle hurriedly to the right and left.

Fred liked to lean over the stern of the vessel and watch them, and to gaze deep down into the water at the schools of cod or mackerel or haddock which they occasionally entered. But, better than all, he liked to climb high up into the rigging and gaze out across the ocean at passing vessels and lighthouses and distant points of land, and to watch the seagulls and other birds which were nearly always flying about or following the vessel.

A favorite amusement was to bait a hook and let it fly from the shrouds at the end of a long line. When one of the hungry birds was caught he would let it struggle a while, and then release and bait the hook for another. Generally the bird would not be so hurt but that it could fly away, but sometimes one of them would only go a short distance and then would fall heavily into the sea to be devoured by hungry fish.

One day Fred was clinging to the shrouds, engaged in his favorite amusement. He had fastened the line to a stay and the hook was hanging below him, swayed to and fro by the wind; and around it was circling and darting the hungry birds that were attracted by the piece of pork with which it was baited.

Suddenly a bird swept toward the pork, struggled frantically with the hook for a moment, and then tore itself away, dropping the pork into the sea as it flew. But evidently it had suffered in the encounter, for presently it began to sag toward the water, then rose desperately, only to sag again. Fred watched it with increasing interest, and perhaps with a feeling of regret in his heart.

Then he saw two other birds leave the circling flock and fly swiftly to their wounded companion, one on each side, and after a moment of apparent earnest consultation, all three rose nearly into the air and moved away to a faintly visible point of land. Fred watched them until they were out of sight, wondering if the two birds were merely encouraging their friend, or if they were really buoying him up with their own wings.

A sudden rush behind caused him to look down. Encouraged by his preoccupation several of the birds were closing in toward the mast, and a warning shout he descended the shrouds, swinging one of his arms as he did so to drive off the birds. Then he caught the line and wound it about the hook and placed both of them in his pocket. And from that time on there were no more unbaited hooks allowed to hang from the shrouds to entice hungry birds.

Conviction.

I'm awful fraid of little dogs,
Those with a turn up nose.
They make a noise, and snap and bark,
And bite right through your clothes.

I don't like cats no very much;
They're not a grateful race.
Once when I smoothed one kitty's tail
She flew and scratched my face.

I love my big Newfoundland, though,
With eyes so kind and brown.
I tell you he's the only dog
To have—in case you drown.

Some say a doggie has no soul;
They say it is to smart.
Why just the way he kisses me
Shows Fido's soul and heart.

Riddles.

What is the greatest surgical operation on record? Lancing Mexican.

Why is a bad epigram like a useless pencil? Because it has no point.

What bridge is warranted to support any strain? The bridge of a fiddle.

Who are the men who have made their mark? Those who can't write.

Why is a railroad exceedingly patriotic? It is bound to the country with the strongest ties.

Why did not the last dove return to the ark? Because she had sufficient ground for remaining.

What melancholy fact is there about a calendar? There is no time when its days are not numbered.

Why is a specimen of extra fine hand writing like a dead pig? Because it is done with the pen.

Why should a person not like to gaze on the ocean? Because he would always have a cataract in the eye.

A "Presumed" Cloak.

A little girl who was in the habit of using the word "guess" was reproved by her teacher. "You must not say 'guess,' Grace; you must say 'presume.'"

On her way home from school a little friend met her and said: "My mother wants to ask your mother for the pattern of your cloak."

"My mother hasn't any pattern," answered Grace; "she cut it by presume."

Infantile Curiosity.

A 3-year-old miss seated on Auntie's lap listening intently to her watch ticking, remarked: "My mamma has one, too." To the question, "Does mamma's watch run?" her prompt reply was: "Yes. Does yours walk?"

The Waistcoat Trick.

Can you remove a man's waistcoat without first causing him to remove his coat?

This is the way to do it. Ask him in the first place to wear an easy-fitting coat of some sort, say a loose overcoat.

Now unbutton his waistcoat, unfasten the buckle at the back, and ask him to hold his arms above his head. Slip your hand down the back of the coat, grasp the bottom of the waistcoat and pull it up right over the head of the wearer.

Next take the right-side bottom end of the front of the waistcoat and put it into the armhole of the coat at the shoulder, at the same time putting the hand up the sleeve and drawing down the end.

This will release one armhole. Next, draw the waistcoat up again, put the same end into the left armhole, put the hand up the left sleeve and draw the whole of the waistcoat down.

A Problem Solved.

It was by a class in arithmetic that the following household problem was exactly solved:

"Suppose that in a family of five there were only four potatoes for dinner, and the mother wants to give each of the children an equal share—how is she going to do it?"

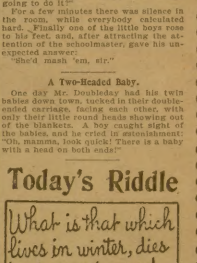
For a few minutes there was silence in the room, while everybody calculated hard. Finally one of the little boys rose to his feet, and, after attracting the attention of the schoolmaster, gave his unexpected answer:

"She'd mash 'em, sir."

A Two-Headed Baby.

One day Mr. Doubleday had his twin babies down town, tucked in their double-ended carriage, facing each other, with only their little round heads showing out of the blankets. A boy caught sight of the babies, and he cried in astonishment: "Oh, mamma, look quick! There is a baby with a head on both ends!"

Today's Riddle



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